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PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

The portrait of this prominent personage, given below, suggests the propriety of quoting from the "Prefis or Interductry Chapter" of his historical work, entitled "Swingin Round the Cirkle," a paragraph or two explanatory of the origin of that celebrated volume. He says: "There is a vacancy in the mind uv the public for jist sich a book ez this, else it had never bin published. There is a vacancy in my pockit for the money I am to reseeve ez copy-rite, else I hed never slung together in consecootive shape, the ijees wich I hev from time to time flung out thro the public press, for the enlitenment uv an ongrateful public and the guidance uv an obtoose Dimocracy. I didn't put these thots uv mine upon paper for amoozement. There hezn't bin anythin amoozin in Dimocrisy for the past five years, and the standard-bearers, the captins uv fifties and hundreds, the leaders uv the hosts, hev hed a ruther rough time uv it. Our prominence made us uncomfortable, for we hev bin the mark uv every writer, every orator, ez well ez uv every egg-thrower, in the country. Twict I wuz drafted into a service I detested—twict I wuz torn from the buzzum uv my family, wich I wuz gittin along well enough, even ef the wife uv my buzzum wood occasionally git obstinit, and refooze to give me sich washin money ez wuz nessary to my existence, preferrin to squander it upon bread and clothes for the children—twict, I say, I wuz pulled into the servis, and twict I wuz forced to desert to the Dimocrisy uv the south, rather than fite agin em. When finally the thumb uv my left hand wuz acksidentally shot off, owin to my foot becomin entangled into the lock uv my gun, wich thumb wuz also accidentally across the muzzle thereof, and I wuz no longer liable to military dooty and cood bid Provost Marshels defiance, I only steered clear uv Scylla to go bumpin onto Charybdis. I coodent let Dimocrisy alone, and the eggins—the ridin upon rails—the takin uv the oath—but why shood I harrow up the public buzzum? I stood it all till one nite I wuz pulled out uv bed, compelled to kneel onto my bare knees in the cold snow, the extremity uv my under garment, wich modesty forbids me to menshun the name uv it, fluttrin in a Janooary wind, and by a crowd uv laffin soljers compelled to take the oath and drink a pint uv aw undilooted water! The oath give me inflamashen uv the brane and the water inflamashen uv the stumick, and for six long weeks I lay a wreck uv my former self. Ez I arose from that bed and saw in a glass the remains uv my pensive beauty, I vowed to wage a unceasin war on the party wich caused sich havoc, and I hev kept my oath.

"I hev bin in the Apossel biznis more extensively than any man sence the time uv Paul. First I established a church uv Democrats in a little oasis I diskivered in the ablishn State uv Ohio, to wit, at Wingert's Corners, where ther wuz four groceries, but nary church or skool-house within four miles, and whose populashen wuz unanimously Dimocratic, the grocery-keepers hevin mortgages on all the land around em—but alars! I wuz forced to leeve it after the election of Linkin in 1864. Noo Gersey bein the only State North wich wuz onsquelched, to her I fled, and at Saint's Rest (wich is in Noo Gersey) I erected another tabernacle. There I stayed, and et and drank and wuz merry; but Ablishnism pursood me thither, and in the fall uv '65 that State got ornery, and cussid, and went Ablishn, and agin, like the wandrin Jew, I wuz forced to pull up, and wend my weary way to Kentucky, where at Confedrit × Roads I feel that I am safe. Massychoosets ideas can't penetrate us here. The aristocracy bleeve in freedom uv speech, but they desire to exercise a supervision over it, that they may not be led astray.

"It is proper to state that the papers uv which this volume is composed wuz written at various times and under various circumstances. They shift from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with much alacrity. I might say more, but wherefore? Ez the record uv a year uv hopes and fears, uv exaltation and depression, it may possess interest or may not—'cordin to the style uv the reader. Whatever may be its fate, one thing I am certain uv—to wit, I am a reglerly commissioned P. M.; and while the approval of the public mite lighten the toils uv offishl life and sweeten the whisky wich the salary purchases, the frowns uv the said public can't redooce me to the walks uv private life. They can't frown me out uv offis, nor frown P. M. General Randall's name off my commishn."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, EX-POSTMASTER.

THE SUBMERSION OF ARICA, PERU.

We have already placed before our readers some account of the terrible earthquake which lately visited the western sea-board of South America, destroying eight cities, the most important on that coast, and making its terrible influence felt northward from Arica, the central point, to Callao, a distance of about 650 miles, and southward to Cobija, in Bolivia, a distance of 280 miles or more. The worst fears are fully confirmed, and the horrible scenes and incidents at first but vaguely imagined are set out in later accounts in pictures but too real. The Peruvian sea-port town of Arica, the submersion of which is depicted in our engraving, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1605, and now, with seven other cities, it has actually ceased to exist. Arica, as we have said, seems to have been the focus of the shock. In the mountainous parts of the country, at the back of this populous coast town, a sensation was experienced as from the collision of two heavy masses; and the hidden convulsion was followed by three fearful undulations of the earth, each undulation accompanied by a tidal wave, the second of greater lateral extent than the first, and the third larger, in turn, than the second. A witness of the disastrous effects at Arica says:

"The hour was that when by custom most of the inhabitants had just closed their daily labors and were at their homes. The instant the startling indications of an earthquake were felt there was a general rush for uncovered spaces, which were reached by many uninjured, but not by all. The streets became a scene of terror. All the houses in the city trembled like a person affected with the ague. Then they surged, and some of them fell to pieces with crash after crash. At this juncture, when the undulations were active, the earth opened in several places in long and almost regular lines. The fissures were from one to three inches in width. The sensation was distinct, as though something was rolling underneath. From every fissure there belched forth dry earth like dust, which was followed by a stifling gas. Owing to the demolition of buildings and the general destruction of all kinds of property, and the dust belched forth as well as that set in motion by the general tumult, a dense cloud was formed over the city and obscured the light. Beneath the cloud was the gas, which oppressed every living creature, and would have suffocated all these if it had lingered longer stationary than it did, which was only about ninety seconds. The undulations were three in number. Each succeeding one was of greater magnitude than the former. When the undulations ceased the cloud of dust ascended and dispersed, and the light was restored. Then quakes at short intervals succeeded, as though subterranean explosions or collisions were taking place. At this time people from all parts of the city fled to the hills, amidst falling stones and timbers which descended from swaying walls and broadly-rent buildings just on the eve of crumbling into perfect ruin. Some were struck down dead by the falling materials, and others were maimed, while all were made to stagger from side to side like people in a state of intoxication. Many of both sexes carried children in their arms, and those who had not these carried articles of value. The avarice of some was stronger than fear, even amidst this terrible confusion; and hence there were those who dallied to collect valuables, many of whom suffered for their temerity either by the sacrifice of their lives or otherwise. As the rush for the hills continued, and stones and materials of all kinds were falling, and houses and parts of these were crashing, numerous people were struck down and either killed or dangerously hurt. The water in the harbor was now receding from the shore, bearing with it all the shipping, at rapid speed. Then the current changed, and, before an almost overhanging, tremendous

wave, the vessels came back, tossed one way and then another, or whirled about as though they were only floating logs; and on the very summit of this immense volume of water rode the United States steamer *Wateree*. The huge wave dashed against the stone mole or pier and shattered it to pieces, then swept from its path what was standing of the Custom-house, and almost every vestige of the ruins of other buildings. It rolled over the already destroyed houses of the city, and set a myriad of articles afloat which eddied in every direction; while, at the same time, the vessels and floating materials were forced ahead of the wave's at this time curling and foaming summit. Every thing which it encountered in its course was swept away in an instant. Even great masses of stone were rolled over and over. When the force of the wave was spent it retired, and in a short time the equilibrium of the water was restored, and then it occupied about the same line and presented nearly the same appearance as it did before the earthquake. The vessels carried inland were a terrible sight. Most of them were bottom upward. Their masts had been snapped like sticks. All this dreadful picture the refugees on the hills were now beholding. Many of them did so with the most marked evidences of fear, because quakes of the earth were still felt at short intervals. The *Wateree* was grounded inland, at a quarter of a mile from the beach, on the line of a railroad. As far as heard from, only one life was lost on board. Near the *Wateree* a Peruvian war vessel was also grounded, and so gently that none of its rigging nor any of its timbers were impaired. On board the Peruvian war steamer *America*, which is a total wreck, eighty lives were reported to have been lost. The United States store-ship *Fredonia* was upset, and all her crew except three drowned, according to report. Those who escaped were the captain, surgeon, and a paymaster, who were on shore when the earthquake occurred, and sought refuge on the hills. A British vessel, called the *Chanarcillo*, lost many of her crew, who were tumbled overboard. A United States brig, name unknown, foundered with all on board. The vessel, it is reported, was laden with guano. The rest of the shipping destroyed were South American coasters. The fatal casualties in the city were about fifty, and the other casualties about one hundred. The total loss on shipboard was about three hundred, principally fatal. The refugees remained on the hills for two days, during which time they suffered greatly for food; at the same time the quakes continued as before at intervals. In time their sufferings became so intense that the males had to go in search of food, a limited quantity of which they found in a damaged condition, and with this they succored their families. The second morning after the earthquake a light-draught coasting-vessel entered the harbor, but did not remain long at anchor. As soon as the captain became aware of what had happened he took on board a number of people and left with them for Callao; thence one of the parties got to Panama."

In different places the shocks lasted from two to seven minutes, and caused greater ravages than any similar calamity that ever befell the same country before; for not only were whole towns shaken down, and their destruction completed by fire, but the sea, retiring to extraordinary distances, returned on the coast at the rate of ten miles an hour, and with a wave fully fifty feet high, that covered the towns and swept away in its reflux every thing within its power, leaving big ships high and dry.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

THE triumphant election of General GRANT is not only the ratification, but it is a final interpretation of the war. From the moment that General LEE surrendered to General GRANT in the field there has been a loud debate as to the real significance of the war, and what was actually settled by it. The Democratic theory was that nothing had happened but the suppression of a riot, during which slavery had ceased to exist in the old form. The President's theory was partly this, and partly something else which was not very intelligible. He declared that the States were suspended, lying in a kind of political catalepsy, from which he proposed to awaken them by assuming absolute power, which he did in his North Carolina proclamation. This was, of course, a hopeless confusion, and gradually the President has disappeared in the Democratic embrace. The Republican party have contended that with slavery fell every thing that sprang from slavery, and they have insisted that not only justice and honor, but reason and common-sense, indicated equal suffrage in the recovered States as the only security of order and of the restoration of the normal situation under a free popular government.

The election was joined upon this issue. The Southern leaders returned to the Convention at Tammany Hall, and took their old places at the head of the party. They repudiated every thing in the Republican policy of reconstruction, declared for the national dishonor, and nominated candidates that pleased them. The consequence was that there has been no obscurity as to the real point of the canvass. Shall the general Congressional policy of reconstruction be sustained or abandoned? was the question. Are the people of the United States resolved that they will reconstruct the Union upon principles agreeable to them, or do they prefer that the late rebels shall reconstruct it as they prefer? Are the people afraid of negro supremacy, or do they believe with General LONGSTREET, and with the testimony of all experience, that the cry of negro supremacy is the mere cat-call of a canvass? Do they think that they can not constitutionally say a word upon the subject of reconstruction, or is their authority, under the circumstances, supreme? Have they learned that the Democratic cry of "nigger," which has been sounding for a generation, is merely a noise to confuse the public mind that it may not see that ignorance and injustice of every kind mean endless agitation? Is the North resolved that its idea shall govern the country as the idea of the South has governed it for many a dreary year?

These were the questions, simple, sharp, clear, and the answer is tremendous. A futile effort was made to obscure the real point, and to fix the public attention upon financial questions. But every man instinctively knew that the political interest necessarily takes precedence at such a time as this of the financial. When a great party, which, as a party, has favored the rebellion of its chief wing, returns to the control of that wing, and under its lead demands not a change of policy, not new measures under the Government, but the forcible overthrow of national law, it is a question of national order and existence; and it was as foolish to hope to divert the public mind from it now as it was in 1864. The result shows that it was so. It is not a defeat so much as an extinction of the Democratic theory of the situation. It exposes its utter ignorance of the nobler American heart, and the great purpose of a victorious and generous people.

The Democratic appeal has been twofold—to the meanest form of selfishness in the pocket, and to the hatred and jealousy of race. They have both been as scornfully and overwhelmingly rejected as its proposition in 1864 to surrender to the rebellion. Of the old free States Mr. SEYMOUR apparently receives the vote of two—New York, which, by fraudulent means, gives him five or six thousand majority; and New Jersey, which, by the same method, may reach two thousand. He gets the vote of Louisiana and Georgia, in which the directions of WADE HAMPTON, to starve those who would not vote for SEYMOUR, have been followed and improved; and Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware vote for him, the three States in which the old slavery Democracy is still supreme. But the conscience, the heart, the intelligence, the industry, the enterprise of the country, the indomitable spirit that pushed the war to an unconditional surrender, that emancipated the slaves, that saved the Union, that is in full sympathy with every lover of liberty in the world, and that will greatly mould the future of the world, have all resistlessly declared against Mr. SEYMOUR, and the inhuman and un-American policy of which he is the fit representative.

This is the end of the old form of the Democratic policy in this country. It will now cut loose from the corpse to which, thirty years ago, it so exultingly chained itself. Its old Southern leaders have lost their prestige. Yet they have one hope, and it is in the ignorance of their followers. The Southern chiefs are the men of conviction and of purpose in the party; and such men, as experience has shown in the history of all parties, are very powerful. Hopeless of reversing the accomplished action of Congress, the wisest of these will now endeavor to influence the vote which they could not destroy; while the more stupid will continue to thwart and delay a work which they can not prevent. But the duty of Congress is clear. The country has amply sustained a policy which secures equal rights, and which forbids all kinds of evasion and special pleading. The country means fair play to white and black in the Southern States, and the new Administration will take care that they both have it. As to the "oppression" under which the Southern whites are suffering, the elections in Louisiana and Georgia, and the universal terrorism, show who is oppressed. In every one of those States there are nothing but American citizens. American citizens have equal rights; and the Administration of General GRANT, sustained by the enormous majority of the people, will see that those rights are protected.

MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN is apparently elected Governor of New York. Last year, when the contest for the mayoralty in this city was plainly between Mr. HOFFMAN and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, we spoke a word for Mr. HOFFMAN as the least of two evils. Had we then believed Mr. HOFFMAN capable of so grave an offense against public morality as he committed in his proclamation of October 31 of this year, just before the election, we should not have perceived his superiority to Mr. FERNANDO WOOD.

It was notorious that vast naturalization frauds had been committed, designed to affect the election. Whether the Republicans or the Democrats were the guiltier party was not the question. Every good citizen who understands the inexpressible importance of a pure ballot-box was interested to expose the frauds. They were not subjects of common rumor merely. We, in common with hundreds of our fellow-citizens, knew individual cases in which fraudulent naturalization papers were held. There were few men in or near the city taking practical part in the election who did not know of them, and who were not doing, as Mr. PULLMAN did, all that they could to keep men from voting upon such papers. Similar frauds had been legally exposed and judicially denounced in Philadelphia. Nobody denied the frauds or their vast extent: nobody doubted that if there were vast frauds in the city of New York which were intended to affect the election, whatever the Republican effort may have been, the great weight of the fraudulent vote would be cast for the Democratic candidates.

Now a good citizen, of whatever party, who was also the chief magistrate of this great city, would use every power, and all the influence of his official position, to baffle the frauds. Knowing what every body else did, he would declare the situation, and warn all offenders that they should be prosecuted and punished to the utmost, because their crime was fatal to popular government itself. Such a course would have earned the respect of every honest citizen of every party. But what did Mr. HOFFMAN? He issued a paper in which he declared the charges of fraud against those high in authority to be "gross and unfounded." He declared that these false charges were made by his political opponents to conceal their own schemes of fraud, and to excite violence and disorder. And he called upon all citizens to assert their rights boldly and resolutely, and to rely upon the State laws against the "United States Government officials."

Such a document could have but one purpose and one interpretation. It was a hint to fraudulent voters not to be afraid. It was an assurance, like Mr. SEYMOUR'S speech in the Academy of Music before the riots, that the authorities were the "friends" of evil-doers. In issuing such a proclamation under the circumstances, in the face of established facts, and with the necessary tendency of promoting his own election, Mr. HOFFMAN was guilty of an offense against public morality which ought not to be forgotten. He has forfeited the respect of all honorable and patriotic men. He has thrown the mantle of his high official position, and of what has hitherto been called his "respectability," over the most shameless conspiracy to defeat the will of the honest voters of New York. The offense is the more flagrant because he was a candidate; and there is not a man in the country who does not know that if there were frauds he would be benefited by them. Mr. HOFFMAN has succeeded in being elected Governor of New York. But it is an election without honor, and without real significance, because every reflecting man in the State is morally sure that he was not honestly elected.

OUR CROPS, AND THE FOREIGN DEMAND FOR THEM.

THERE are two parties to the question whether the demand for grain from abroad will be extensive. Those who deny that it will be, are not merely the representatives of large consuming populations across the Atlantic who systematically attempt to break down our market as the season for purchase approaches, but there are others who, actuated by a gambling propensity, apply it in their dealings in the staff of life. Producers are appealed to by both sides, and when the price of grain is carried up suddenly, and it as suddenly falls, as was the case lately at Chicago with Indian corn, which rose from 90 to 112 per bushel and soon receded, the vicissitudes of the stock market seem to them to attend the great farming interest of the country.

There is but one mode of punishing effectually the habit; and that is, for our farmers to hold on to as much of their grain as they can conveniently store, so that the temptation for gambling, which is evinced only when the market can be controlled, may be rendered inactive by danger.

The recent report from the Agricultural Department at Washington, which shows only a moderate increase above the average of the quantity of wheat harvested this year, occurring chiefly in California, and much more severe damage to corn in the Northern States than the country was prepared to expect, ought to prevent any sacrifice on the part of our farmers of the food they have to sell. It is clear beyond all question that the foreign demand, between this and the next harvest, for all descriptions of food, will be sufficient to absorb our whole surplus; and as the suffering from drought when very severe—as was that of Great Britain and of adjacent portions of the Continent—can not be overcome by one harvest, the policy of not allowing any sacrifice of such articles of food as our farmers may safely store can not be doubtful. It will not only contribute to their advantage, but to the general safety.

The policy of pressing every product upon the market promptly is supported by those who want the advantage of a brisk trade, and the stimulant to manufacturing industry which arises from cheap food; but the situation of the country—deeply in debt to foreign people—makes it far more important to the general interest that we shall take the opportunity which the failure of crops abroad furnishes to obtain a remunerative price for what we have to sell. The strength thus derived will enable us to reduce a portion of our debt held on the other side, and ultimately benefit all interests.

We are fully aware of the estimates presented by Mr. SANDERSON, and more recently by Mr. CAIRD in the London *Times*, as to the crops of all descriptions harvested in 1868, and particularly as to wheat, and assuming that their estimates as to wheat are not at all extravagant, and that this crop will be larger than usual, we feel entirely sure of our ground. The loss on every other crop, and particularly of hay, roots, and pasturage, is far more serious than would have been the loss of wheat. Mr. CAIRD admits that "*there will be a great deficiency in the food of live-stock, and a very serious loss in that branch of agricultural industry.*" The number of animals slaughtered in England in July, August, and September exceeded all precedent. Butcher's meat was lower than it had been known. Lamb's-wool had fallen, attributed to the quantity of lambs thrown upon the market. This had mitigated for the moment the effect of the drought, but it constitutes one of the causes for protracting recovery from its effects. The great drought of 1800 carried up the average price of middling or mealing wheat, which, in 1799, was £3 15*s.* 8*d.* per quarter of eight Winchester bushels, to £6 7*s.* in 1800, and £6 8*s.* 6*d.* in 1801. In 1802 it fell to £3 7*s.*

The long-continued necessity of calling upon the grains to supply the want of deficient pastures, and the baked condition of the soil when it is required to be plowed, are two of the chief causes which carry the influence of such a calamity into the second year. This applies as well to Spain—which has, in addition to drought in some portions of the kingdom, the disadvantage, so far as its industry is concerned, of a revolution—as to Russia and those adjacent countries which have been severe sufferers. A newspaper printed in Paris on the 3d of October attributes the recent order of the Russian Government, forbidding any person to enter within Russian limits except he can prove his ability to maintain himself, to the deficiency of the Russian crops of this year. We presented, at an early period of the Russian harvests, statements of the extraordinary deficiency in the product of grain and hay due to drought, and that extensive fires had run over large districts of the country invited by the parched surface. Russia is a large country, and contains districts exempt doubtless from this misfortune. The diminution in recent imports of grain into Great Britain from Russia, and also from Prussia, is due to this cause. Our most important competitors in this trade are seriously weakened.

Mr. CAIRD, in the letter which appears in the London *Times*, with a view to affect the price of grain, states that "a system of transport has been arranged by the Illinois Central Railroad for the shipment from Cairo to New Orleans of 10,000 quarters daily (80,000 bushels of Indian corn meaning), in the expectation of orders from Europe at New Orleans to take off this supply." We doubt whether this can be done, or whether such an arrangement would be deemed desirable at English markets. It is *here* that purchases are expected, because the risk of heating is not endured, and the lines of ocean transportation do not need to be created. When the voyage is through warm latitudes and is long, grain becomes compacted into a mass and is dug out with a spade.

We repeat, therefore, that our farmers need have no fear of not being able to find a market for all they have to sell. No safeguard is more important than the annual storing and hoarding of part of every year's crop until economy permits the most advantageous consumption of new grain. It can then be shipped also with the greatest advantage. Our wheat-growing region is coextensive with the Union, and although we may be visited with drought it is scarcely probable that in such a diversified and immense country it can be general; still, it is so necessary to prosperity that the staff of life—as bread has been properly called—should be abundant and within the reach of all, that we hope the practice may become general to provide ample means for storing wheat, and to be sure that enough shall be annually stored to carry the country through any period of distress. Wheat is endowed with a capacity for preservation beyond that of any other grain. It may also stand better than any other grain the trials of severe weather in the process of growth. If the estimates of Mr. SANDERSON and those of Mr. JAMES CAIRD were correct it would appear that an unparalleled drought was of great service to the growth of wheat! We must do Mr. CAIRD the justice to say that he lops off from Mr. SANDERSON'S estimate of the total product about seven millions of bushels, and admits that "on shallow gravels and light sand" the production does not equal the average on other soils. In the early stages of the drought the correspondents of *Mark Lane Express* did not limit the soils in which wheat was plowed in to that grown on *shallow gravels* and *light sand*,

but stated that this occurred in many light soils. The omission of both these gentlemen to speak of the fate of spring wheat, which is largely sown in several districts, can not be explained except on the hypothesis that they need all the wheat lands to enable them to arrive at their extravagant grand total.

If these statements were made to inform the English of their exact condition, and had the effect to produce care in the use of what had been gathered, we should have no criticisms to make; but as they appear to be framed with a view to influence foreign markets, and have the effect which the *Mark Lane Express* feebly attributed of encouraging waste, we have no hesitation to show their inaccuracy, and to advise our producers on this side not to part from their products except at remunerative prices.

The low price of gold at this market on the 6th instant, when it reached 132, left no margin for the export of our grain, or indeed of any of our agricultural productions, excepting, perhaps, the products of the dairy and some articles required in feeding animals in England. The partial recovery of their pastures, the slaughtering of cattle and sheep on an extensive scale, and the general disposition to economize in the use of food for men and animals, which has attended every stage of the drought, have mitigated its effects; but the need of large imports into England can not be avoided, although it may be postponed with a view to break down foreign markets.

London and Liverpool stand face to face with our merchants on the exchange here, and refuse to advance their offers up to what will be a remunerative price to our farmers. The latter are able to hold with perfect steadiness; and if they make no sacrifices to temporary necessities they will be amply rewarded for the labors of the year, and will contribute to the general welfare.

THE DEMOCRACY OF GENERAL GRANT.

Since General Grant has been elected by so immense a majority, it is lustily asserted by the Democratic journals that he is, and always has been, a real Democrat. Undoubtedly he is, and that is his first radical difference with the Democratic party. General Grant is a Democrat, and the Democratic party is, and has been for a generation, the instrument of an aristocracy. For what is it to be a Democrat in the true sense of the word? Certainly it is not to do what slave-lords command, and to vote as a Ring ordains. But that is what Democracy has been for many a year. The policy of the party was just what the slave-masters thought the interests of slavery required. The great measures of the party during the twenty years before the war were the annexation of Texas and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, while every minor measure was tested by its degree of service to the same great end of the supremacy of slavery in the government. This system was the denial and outrage of every human right; but the party existed and struggled for no other end, and still called itself Democratic. To be a Democrat was to apologize for slavery, and defend it; to sneer at a part of the population as of an inferior race to be abused at pleasure, and consequently to stultify the moral sense, to sophisticate and prevaricate, and to struggle endlessly with every generous human instinct, with religion and civilization.

This was to be a Democrat. It made no difference that there was a plea that it was a subject upon which nothing could be done, and therefore upon which no thought should be expended; that there was an incessant talk about State rights, and reserved rights, and limited powers, and original compromises. The one fact that was steadily clear through all the obscurity and confusion was that a Democrat was a man who supported the practical assertion that some men had no rights which other men were bound to respect. And it was this tragical absurdity which has been driving the best men out of the Democratic party for twenty years. The old and true Democratic paper in this city is the *Evening Post*. How long since it has been technically a Democratic paper? In the true sense of Democracy, or respect for equal rights, who are and always have been stancher Democrats than its editors, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Godwin, and Mr. Nordhoff? But what have they had to do, what could they have to do, with a "Democracy" which drew its inspiration from Calhoun, with his doctrine of slavery as the only sure foundation of a free government; which followed a dozen years ago the leadership of Hammond and his associates, sneering at free laborers as mud-sills; and which accepted in this last election the dictatorship of Wade Hampton and Robert Toombs, their hands dripping with the blood of loyal citizens—of Forrest fresh from Fort Pillow, and Semmes from the *Alabama*?

To be a true Democrat is to reject with scorn every distinctive principle that the Democratic party has professed for a generation, and to disown all its acknowledged chiefs from Calhoun to Seymour. To be a true Democrat is to believe in the equal rights of men, not of States, and to organize that faith in law; it is to reject the resolutions of '98, and to acknowledge the necessary subordination of the States to the Union; it is to oppose every kind of hostility of race, of interest, and of section in the country; it is to insist upon an economical and honest administration of government; it is to be neither a bully to the weakest of foreign states nor a sycophant to the strongest, but reasonable, firm, and self-respecting with all; it is to foster to the utmost free schools and churches; to demand absolute freedom of speech and action every where in the land; to keep the national honor unstained; it is, above all, to see that justice is expediency, and that the maintenance of the equal rights of men is identical with true policy. This is Democracy, or the practical assertion of the rights of man. This is exactly what the Democrats who voted for Mr. Seymour have opposed. This is precisely what General Grant accepts. If he be a Democrat Horatio Seymour is not. The Democrats of to-day will find small comfort in General Grant until they renounce what is now known as Democracy.

THE FACTS OF THE FRAUDS.

The Union League Club has appointed a committee to investigate the frauds. Will the Manhattan Club do the same? Fraudulent voting is a matter of the highest public concern irrespective of party, and it may fairly be assumed that when a great successful party is indifferent to such an investigation, or is hostile to it, it is because of a consciousness that it will appear to owe its success to the frauds themselves. If the Republicans have stuffed the ballot-boxes, "led on by General Sickles," as a Democratic paper asserts, we call for an exposure of the facts, and we promise for our parts to hold up General Sickles, should the charge be sustained, to the same public censure that we should commend Mr. Tilden if the same charge should be sustained against him. But is not Mr. Tilden, as a good citizen, quite as much interested in this investigation as General Sickles? Mr. Tilden by long experience has probably the profoundest faith in the incorruptibility of the Democratic voters of the Sixth Ward in this city, and in the spotless purity of its ballot-boxes. He believes, of course, that every vote of Mr. Hoffman's apparent majority is an honest vote. If he supposed he had been fraudulently elected, as an intelligent man, understanding the real foundation of a popular government, he would prefer to lose his Governor rather than to destroy the system, wouldn't he? At least let us suppose so.

Now it appears that the fourth district of the Sixth Ward had a registry of 828 names, but it returned 842 votes for Hoffman, and 21 for Griswold—thirty-five more ballots than registered names. The tenth district of the Eighteenth Ward had a registry of 406. It returned 455 votes for Hoffman, and 124 for Griswold—one hundred and seventy-three more ballots than registered names. The twenty-first district of the same ward had 322 registered names, and returned 470 votes for Hoffman, and 30 for Griswold. The poll was nearly double the registry. The twentieth district of the Nineteenth Ward had a registry of 320 names, and returned 438 votes for Hoffman, and 134 for Griswold—two hundred and fifty-two more ballots than registered names. Now, upon this state of facts, the *Evening Post* justly remarks: "With perhaps 900 legal voters in the four districts, there are 1876 names registered, and they return an actual majority for John T. Hoffman of 1896, or twenty more than the whole number of names on a registry already doubled by fraud."

Now, certainly, this is a matter in which every honest citizen has an equal interest. But what is the reply of the organs of the party that benefited by this fearful fraud? It is not a denial, for the facts are indisputable. It is merely an assertion that Republicans had better be silent about frauds, because there were as many Republican as Democratic inspectors. But that is not the point. If Republican inspectors have connived at frauds let us have the proof, and let the party bear such responsibility as may fall to it. But the real point is, that there have been frauds, and frauds that necessarily vitiate the poll in the districts we have named; and the result of the fraud is an eighth or a tenth of Mr. Hoffman's entire majority. Does that gentleman wish to be Governor by fraud? Is there any body in the State who, in the presence of facts already established beyond denial, ought to be so interested for his own character and dignity to investigate these frauds as Mr. Hoffman? Is it not even worth while for Mr. Tilden, interested with the rest of us in an honest ballot-box, serenely to look into this matter a little?

As for the cheerful philosophy which asserts that one party is as bad as another, that the devil is not as black as he is painted, that naught is every thing and every thing is naught, we have only to say that the loud assertion may tend to prevent the timely knowledge of offenses, but it can not avert their consequences. If a hole is being bored in the bottom of the ship we may dance and sing upon deck in the liveliest manner, but the ship will presently go down for all that. It is bad enough to have the candidate of the Ring elected Governor of New York according to law; but to have him foisted upon the State, not by lawful election, but by cheating, is something which the people will thoroughly investigate, unless they feel that it is hopeless to contend with what the Democratic District-Attorney, Morris, described in the convention that nominated Mr. Hoffman as "the Tammany clique, with its unfinished Court-house and its thousand other schemes of robbery and plunder." This is the clique, described by one of its own party, which such frauds as we have described have put into power in this State.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

On the afternoon of election-day we met a friend who had left his place at a rural poll for a moment, and who said, "There is really no need of our being there; every thing is as serene as Tilden." Upon reflection, however, he agreed that it was because of the presence of those who meant to keep order that order was maintained. If the city election was also as serene as the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, whose astute management nominated Mr. Seymour, it was very much due to the public knowledge that the Governor of the State was in the city, and that he had made ample preparations to suppress the disorder which the Mayor's proclamation tended to incite. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The action of the Governor secured tranquillity and order. Of course, in the Democratic judgment he is a despot, and a satrap, and a tyrant, and the people are "disgraced" who "made this man a Governor," and "the fair Democratic fame of this imperial city" has never been tarnished with any excess—especially when orphan asylums were burned, and the most helpless and unfortunate of the population were murdered in the riots of 1863.

Four years ago, at the last Presidential election, the example of this wanton insult of a "miscalled Governor" to the peaceful Dead Rabbits and orderly roughs of this metropolis was furnished by the Government of the United States, which sent General Butler to command in the city during the election. It was rumored that this person sent at the time for the purest patriots, the most devoted friends of the Union, such as August Belmont and his friends, who had begged the English Minister to persuade his Government to interfere in the war, and significantly told them that he hoped the peace would not be broken! As if there were any danger of disorder in the midst of a city which the year before had been in the practical possession of bloody rioters for three days? The peace was not broken. There was never a quieter election. Could there be any stronger proof of the orderly disposition of the late rioters? Could any thing show more conclusively the folly of the conduct of the Government in providing for the public peace?

The truth is, that at that time General Butler was, as he was in New Orleans, so far as public order was concerned, the right man in the right place. And what he was then, Governor Fenton was upon the day of the late election. His presence, and the general knowledge of his will and intention to preserve order at all hazards, preserved order. It was not the "friends" of Governor Seymour, nor the incendiary proclamation of the Mayor, that kept, or tended to keep, the peace, but the Governor and the Police Commission. Had the Governor of the State been the Democratic candidate for President, as the Mayor of the city was for Governor, and had there been no resolute and experienced Police Commission, the loyal Republican voters of this city would have been as wholly at the mercy of the "friends" of Mr. Seymour as they were in New Orleans.

Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON AND Mr. LAIRD.

Our Minister to England, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, is likely to be as unpleasantly famous for talking as his predecessor was agreeably distinguished by his reticence. We have not yet heard any cordial approval of his conduct in any part of his own country, and if Mr. Johnson is not careful no act of the new administration would be hailed with more general applause than his immediate recall. Yet Mr. Johnson is a man of proved ability, and his conduct is to be explained only by a singular want of practical good sense and by his undoubted sympathy with the old régime in the United States. He is a man of humanity; and, when it was evident that slavery or the Union must go, he did not, with Horatio Seymour, declare for slavery, but pleaded for emancipation. But his sympathies are of the kind called conservative, which means aristocratic; and, in his natural desire to signalize his official service by settling the disputed questions with Great Britain, he forgets plain facts and profound feelings.

Mr. Laird is a Liverpool ship-builder. He had all that dull British hatred of the United States which a genuine John Bull might be supposed to entertain. He agreed with Mr. Roebuck when that gentleman proposed, in June, 1863, that the English Government should recognize the Confederacy upon the ground, as Mr. Roebuck stated it, that the United States would not bully the world if they were divided and subdivided. Mr. Laird supported Mr. Roebuck in Parliament. He voted that England should lend all her power, first morally, and then as might happen, to destroy this Government; and he built ships and ran them out to sea, eluding the laws of his own country, that he might give the rebellion material aid. More than any Englishman, except Lord Wharncliffe, who shares the odium with him, the name of Laird is most detestable to this country, and justly detestable. He not only wished us ill, but he did all that a great ship-builder could do "in aid," as John Bright said, speaking of Roebuck's motion, "of the most stupendous act of guilt that history has recorded in the annals of mankind."

Having already dined gratefully with Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield, and having said with enthusiasm that the name of Wharncliffe would be always precious to the American heart, it only remained for Mr. Johnson to receive the forgiveness of Mr. Laird, and this he has now done in the most humble manner. "Former differences are forgotten!" exclaims the American Minister as he bows to kiss the gracious hand of the builder of the *Alabama*, "and the heart of Liverpool is a heart full of friendship for the United States." This is so inexpressibly comical that indignation is almost laughed away. When General Rosecrans went to Virginia and said to General Lee: "I know you are a representative man in reverence and regard for the Union, the Constitution, and the welfare of the country," there was only a smile of contempt for the General's folly. But the performance of Mr. Reverdy Johnson before Mr. Laird is really an insult to the country.

We repeat what we have before said, that the better public opinion of the United States has not forgiven the conduct of Mr. Laird and of Lord Wharncliffe, and the speeches of Mr. Roebuck. It certainly cares nothing about them, so long as those persons remain quiet. But this country very distinctly remembers who were its friends in its mortal peril, and does not forget who were its enemies. If Mr. Laird has any regret to express as a man for supporting an insurrection to perpetuate human slavery, and as an Englishman for aiding the destruction of a friendly power, let him speak if he will. But the loyal citizens of the United States, still bleeding and burdened with the cost of the effort to save their national life, have the right to demand that their Minister does not so grossly and ridiculously misrepresent the sentiment of his country as Mr. Reverdy Johnson is constantly doing. He need not express hostility to any person or to any party in England, but he should not select for especial honor the persons and parties who have strained every nerve to dishonor and destroy his country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The result of the Presidential election is very gratifying. General Grant and Schuyler Colfax have been elected President and Vice-President, obtaining the electoral votes of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Tennessee, California, Nevada, Missouri, Kansas, North Carolina, Minnesota, and Florida. Seymour and Blair have carried New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Georgia, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina. This would give Grant 195 electoral votes to 85 for Seymour. It is still doubtful on which side the 5 electoral votes of Arkansas and the 8 of Alabama will be cast.

New York State was carried for Seymour by over 8000 majority, while Hoffman is elected Governor by about 24,000. Thus in his own State Seymour runs at least 15,000 behind his own ticket. The Democrats have failed in securing a majority in the Assembly, which, according to the latest returns, stands 75 Republicans to 53 Democrats.

In Pennsylvania the Republican majority is nearly 30,000; in Massachusetts, over 76,000; in Maine, 28,000; in New Hampshire, 7000; in Rhode Island, 6455; in Connecticut, 3000; in Ohio, 35,000; in Illinois, 50,000; in Iowa, 53,000; in Tennessee, 30,000; and in Missouri, 21,000.

The Republicans have carried, of the region that was formerly occupied by slavery, Missouri, Arkansas, West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama (probably), and Tennessee. They would have unquestionably carried Georgia and Louisiana but for the violent action of the Democrats, which kept many Republicans from the polls.

The Democratic majority in Kentucky in the State election was 90,000, which, in November, was reduced to between 65,000 and 70,000.

General Grant has not only gained over two-thirds of the electoral, but also a large majority of the popular vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish Republicans appear to be persistent in their opposition to a monarchy; but upon the declaration of the Cortes, this faction (which is a small minority) will doubtless submit to the result. General Prim has been confirmed by Serrano as Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army. The situation in Cuba has compelled the departure from Spain to that island of 9000 soldiers with four batteries.

The Papal army is being reduced by desertion.

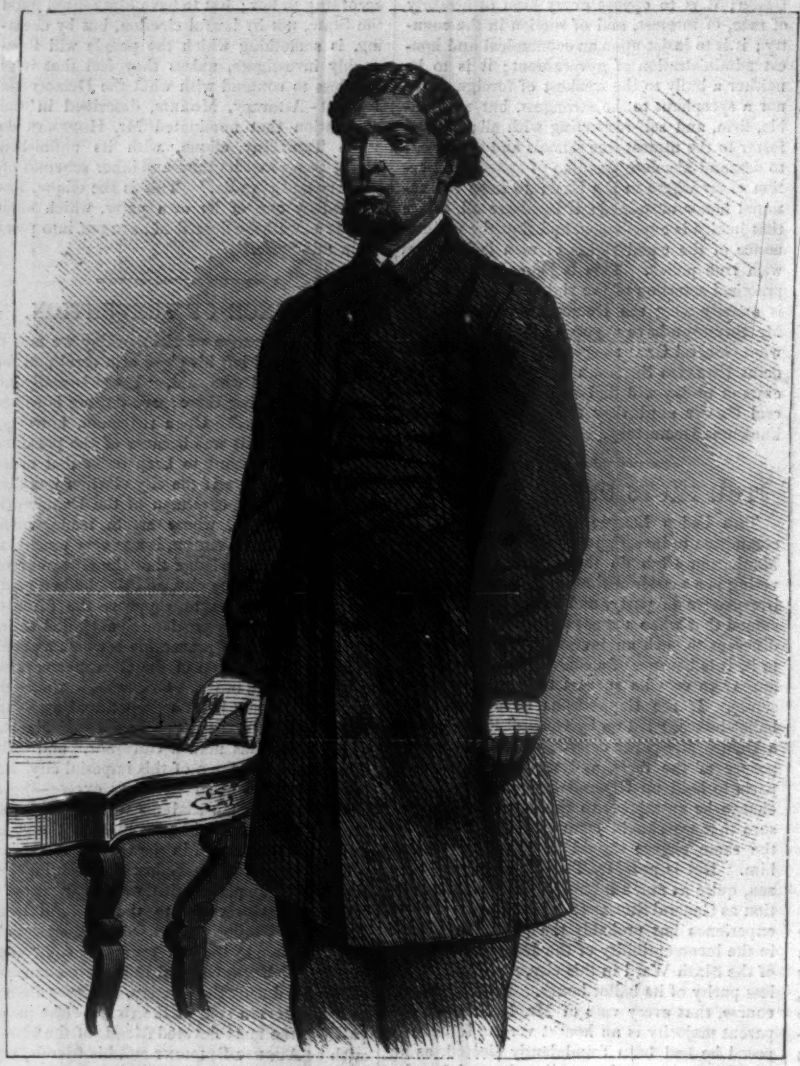
The late British Parliament was dissolved on the 11th, and the elections were to take place on the 17th and 18th. The Liberal party estimates that it will have a majority of at least 100 members in the new House of Commons.

Reports received in Lisbon represent that an expedition consisting of 600 Portuguese soldiers had been massacred in Mozambique, South Africa. They had been sent into the interior for some purpose, and the natives fell upon them and slaughtered nearly every one. Sixty only escaped to the sea-coast. The arms, ammunition, etc., with the expedition, all fell into the hands of the natives.

MURDER OF THE REV. B. F. RANDOLPH.

ONE of the most satisfactory results of General GRANT'S accession to the Presidency will be peace in the South, involving protection to life as well as property, and a toleration by each political party of the opinions of the other. It is not chiefly the fact that GRANT has been elected President which will secure this result, but rather the utter defeat which that election brings upon them in the South who as a habit intimidate their political opponents and slay all whom they can not intimidate. It is now settled that the national law means Liberty and Equal Rights, and that those who violate that law must be punished as law-breakers. We give on this page a portrait of the Rev. B. F. RANDOLPH, a Methodist clergyman of South Carolina, and a Senator of that State, who, on the 17th of last month, fell a victim to assassination for his political opinions. Shortly after the murder the Charleston *Christian Advocate* published the following account:

"We are called upon to record one of the most daring and cold-blooded murders that ever darkened the pages of history, committed upon the person of one of the members of our Conference. The Rev. B. F. RANDOLPH was, on the 17th inst., assassinated, in open day, while traveling by public conveyance. He was upon a lecturing tour in one of the upper counties of the State. He lectured at Abbeville on the 15th inst., and left on Friday morning to go to Anderson, where he was to lecture in the evening. When he got upon the Greenville train at Hodge's station he put his carpet-bag and shawl on a seat, and then returned to the platform of the car to speak to a colored man. While engaged in conversation with this person he was shot from behind by three ruffians, simultaneously, and fell dead, the shots taking effect in his head, lungs, and bowels. These murderers came to the dépôt on horseback, and immediately after committing the deed remounted their horses and rode quietly away. The report is that they are unknown and can not be identified. This speaks for itself, when it is remembered that the deed was committed in open day, with the usual throng of passengers on the cars and around the dépôt. No one starts in pursuit, and all seem to concede that it is useless to make any effort to identify or arrest the murderers. Brother RANDOLPH'S remains were taken on the following day to Columbia and interred on Sabbath, the 18th inst., with appropriate religious services, a vast concourse of people following them to the grave. Mr. RANDOLPH was born in Kentucky, and was educated at Oberlin, enjoying the advantages of the classical department. He was duly licensed and ordained as a minister in the Old School Presbyterian Church. Having received the appointment of chaplain in the army, and assigned to a colored regiment in that capacity, the fortunes of war brought him to our State. After the organization of the South Carolina Conference, he felt that the field opened by the Methodist Episcopal Church in this section would afford him a greater opportunity for usefulness than he could enjoy in continuing his connection with the Presbyterian Church. He consequently solicited admittance to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was duly received and admitted on trial at the session of our Conference in the spring of 1867. His first appointment was in connection with the Freedmen's Bureau as Assistant Superintendent of Education in this State. His next appointment by the Conference was to Columbia. Although he was connected with our Conference, he received no fund from our Missionary Society. When the Charleston *Advocate* was started he held to it the relation of an assistant editor, in which he was continued until the resignation of the entire editorial corps in anticipation of the appointment of an editor, as arranged by the last General Conference. At the time of his death Mr. RANDOLPH was a member of the State Senate and Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. In these official positions he was doing good service for his race and the cause of human rights. He took the position which he occupied in connection with the political interests of the State from a sense of duty which he could not well resist from the peculiar state of political affairs here."

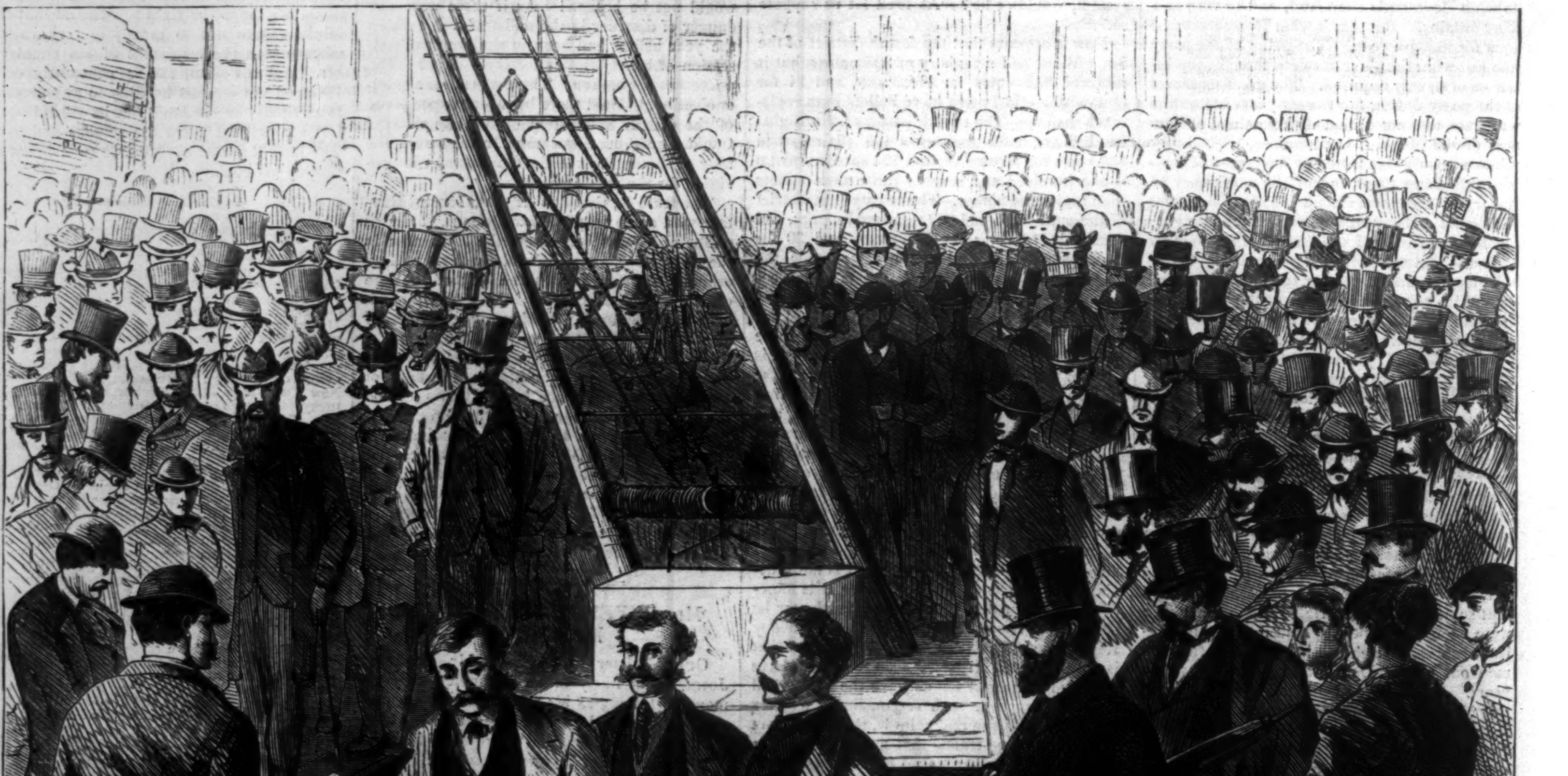


THE LATE REV. B. F. RANDOLPH, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—ASSASSINATED OCT. 17, 1868.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. A. COOLEY.]

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.

THE corner-stone of the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association was laid in Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-third Street, on the afternoon of October 31. The attendance was large. Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., stated the objects of the proposed edifice. He said that young men should be taught the nobility of a Christian education and the influence such an education exerts on the country. All Christian young men would be cordially welcomed to this institution regardless of their creeds or beliefs, for the Association is founded on the simple basis of love of Christ. The Rev. Dr. ADAMS, the Rev. Dr. FOSS, and the Rev. JOHN HALL followed with appropriate remarks. The Rev. Dr. TYNG also spoke, and his remarks were listened to with attention. The corner-stone was laid after the usual manner. A hymn was then sung, and the benediction pronounced by Chancellor FERRIS.

The building to be erected extends 175 feet on Twenty-third Street, and 83 feet 3 inches on Fourth Avenue. It is to be constructed of variegated Ohio and Belleville freestone in the French *Renaissance* style. The edifice will be three stories high, divided by the cornice of the second story. The frieze of the upper cornice will be highly enriched; that of the lower one paneled. At the centre of the front part of the building there will be a projecting tower terminating in a grand dome. The main entrance will be beneath the tower. Coupled columns will support the cornice of the first story, from which will spring the arch, adorned with mouldings and enrichments, terminating beneath the cornice of the second story, and forming a bold and dignified portal. On the arch will be inscribed the name of the Society. The piers of the towers will be rusticated for two stories, each alternate one being ornamented with rich engraved work, the intermediate ones being channeled, affording a rich contrast. A tablet underneath the cornice of the second story provides for a bass-relief. In the spandril formed by the arch over the door,



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY.
[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

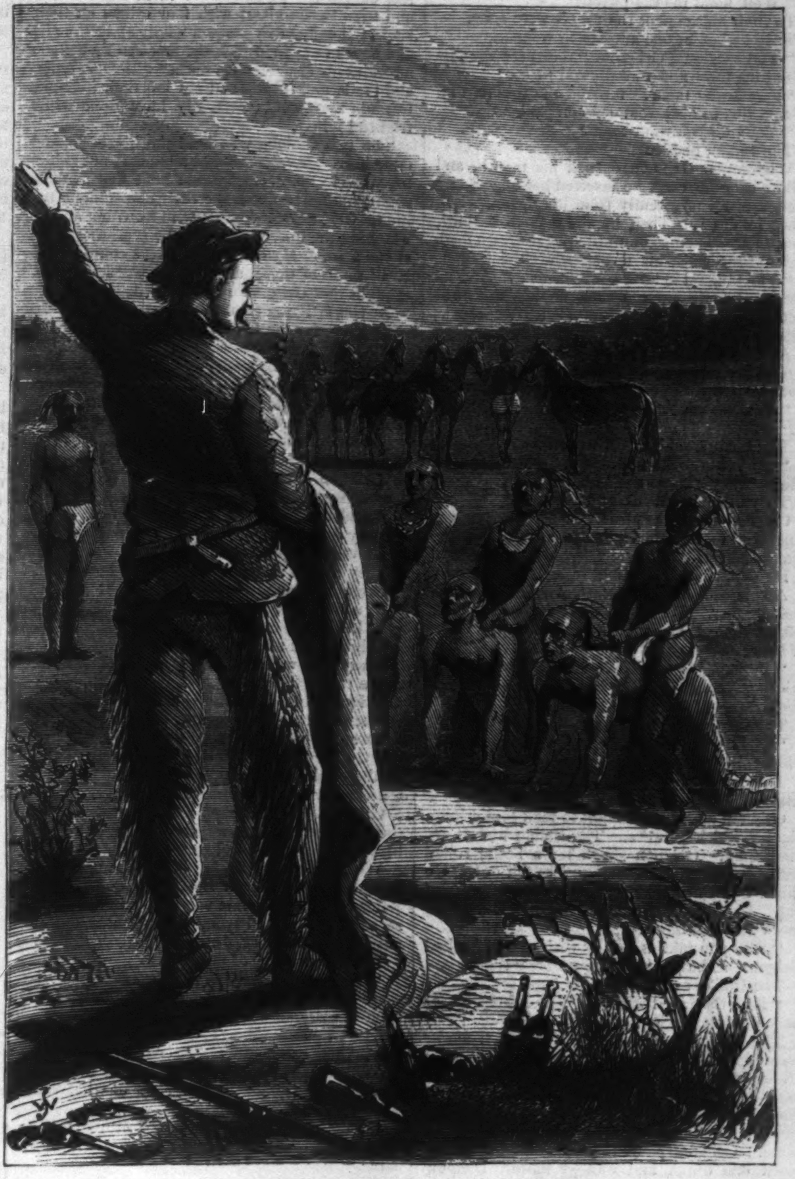
rich rosettes will give lightness and vivacity to the whole. The cornices on which rest the bosses of the Doric columns that flank the tower on either side are to be highly ornamented with rich designs. The windows will be subdivided between the columns by pilasters carrying straight lintels. The fluted columns will support the cornice of the next story. The whole of the first story will be rented as first-class store-rooms, with the exception of the Twenty-third Street entrances, a court-yard, and a gymnasium in the rear. On the left-hand side of the entrance, on the second story, will be the reception-room, out of which opens the reading-room. Connecting with the reading-room are parlors, and attached to them are dressing-rooms, with a wash-room and bath-room. From the reception-room a flight of steps, covered in with glass and ornamented iron-work, will lead to the gymnasium below. On the right-hand side of the entrance staircase will be the great hall, capable of seating 1300 persons. In the third story, on the left-hand side of the entrance hall, will be a lecture-room and a library; the former measuring 45 by 36 feet, and the latter 72 by 31 feet; also three large class-rooms on the same floor. The fourth and fifth stories are to be divided into rooms for artists' studios, and have attached to each a bedroom. There will be ten studios and three offices on each story. In the fifth story will be a fine picture-gallery. The entire building will be warmed and ventilated by steam. It is to be finished next summer, at the cost of $300,000. The lot on which the edifice stands was purchased at the cost of $142,000.

GRIGNON.

IT was a pleasant event in my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon, the famous conjuror. I was on my way to California, and had taken the overland route in preference to any other. It was while on my journey across the Plains that I made his acquaintance. Our party overtook a single wagon. It contained a solitary man. The horses were dead, the man nearly so. This man was Grignon. I paid the utmost attention to his wants. Being a medical man I gave him all the benefit of my skill and care. As he recovered he naturally entertained a strong friendship for me. His wagon had fallen behind the train to which he belonged, and they had been compelled by their own necessities to desert him.

The conjuror, however, was destined for a far more glorious fate than to die miserably in the desolate American desert. He was to become an astonisher of the natives (Indians), a savior of civilized lives, and a lion in California.

We resumed our journey. We had started, however, like many others in those days, with insufficient preparations. As soon as we found out our mistake we had to be very economical with our provisions. We killed buffaloes whenever we found them, and always replenished our water-casks at every stream. At length, however, we came to a dry and parched waste, where there was scarcely a drop of water, scarcely a blade of grass, and not a single living animal of any description.



"THEN FOUR OF THEM KNELT DOWN."

And now began the real troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the warlike Indians, and they were not slow to acquaint us with that fact. Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used to snatch up something and dart away on their fleet horses. We did all that we could to be friendly, and determined to avoid an open rupture as far as possible, for there were only twelve on our side, and on their side apparently twelve hundred.

Every day, however, only made matters worse. In spite of our precautions the Indians grew more and more abusive and insulting. We became watchful, and tried to be more forbearing, but our forbearance was taken for cowardice, and the savages began to think that they could do any thing with us.

We held a council of war, and determined to bring matters to a crisis at once.

The crisis soon came.

One day a big Indian came riding along by us. He began talking in a contemptuous way, and gesticulating furiously. At last he asked one of our men for his gun. The man refused. The Indian repeated his question, and attempted to take the gun from his hand. The man drew back. The Indian sprang forward, flourishing his knife, and threatening. At this the man calmly leveled his piece, and shot the Indian through the heart.

As the wretch fell shrieking from his horse the Plain seemed to become alive with other Indians. From behind every clump of trees, every hillock, every rock, and every rising ground, they poured forth in countless numbers. We had never before seen so many assembled together as now.

And now our companion the conjuror came out conspicuously. He had been once in the French army, he said, and understood all its admirable discipline. A few words of warning and a short explanation sufficed to make us form a circle of the wagons, and draw up behind them, with baggage heaped up for a breast-work. There we waited for the savages.

But they did not come just then. With loud whoops and screams they gathered upon the plain at a distance from us. The wretched cowards, as soon as they saw our slight preparations, were actually afraid to attack.

They waited till night.

Night came. Our defenses were made. Our wagons were arranged more closely, and the barricade of baggage was made higher, deeper, and more effective. In the centre were our cattle. Behind this little fortification we awaited our foes.

Shortly after dusk the tramp of thousands of hoofs shook the plain. Down upon us thundered the Indians. Shouts, screams, and yells burst around.

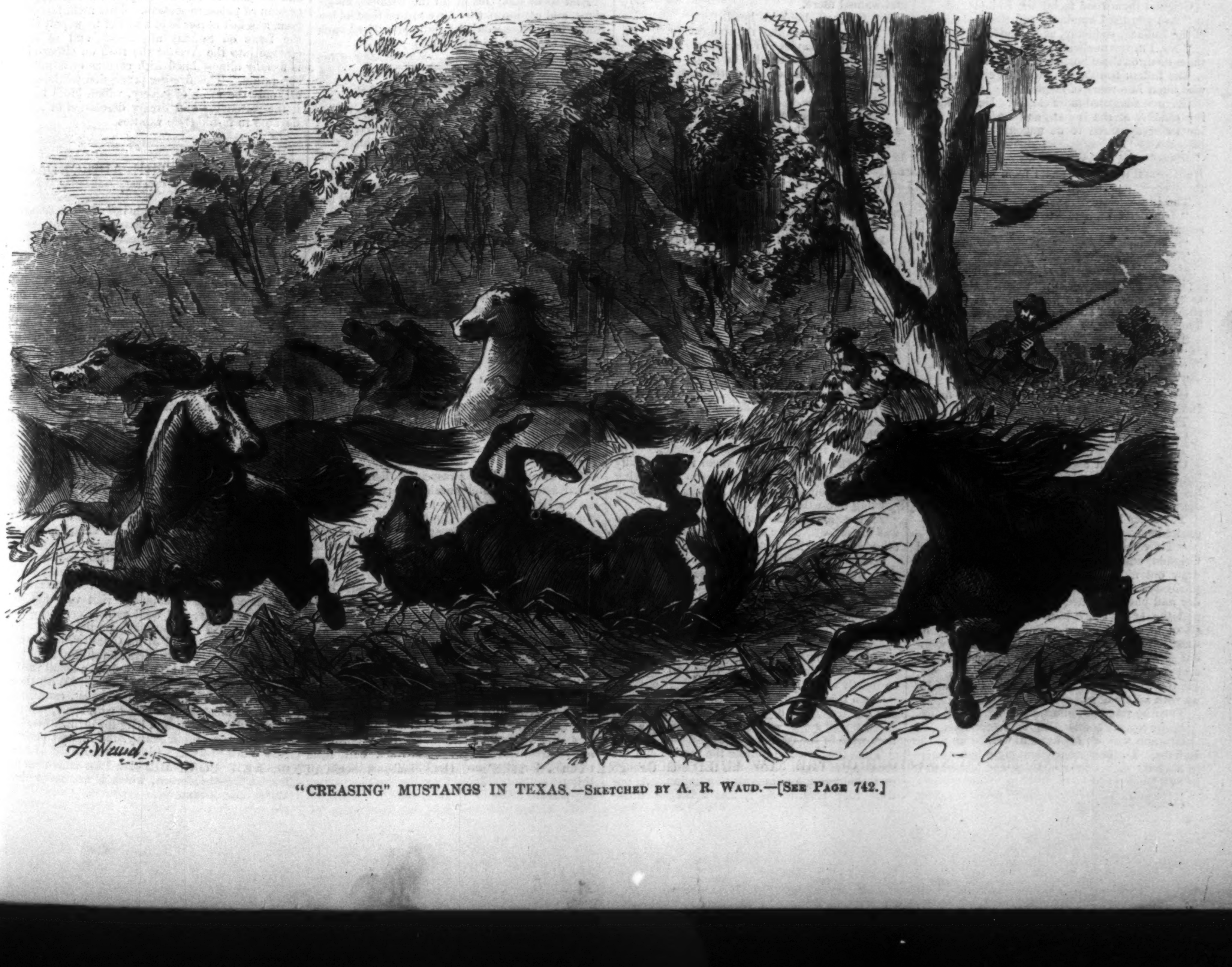
On they came, nearer and still nearer.

We waited in breathless suspense.

At last our volley burst in thunder upon them. Shrieks arose from amidst the gloom. We saw not what the effect of our shots had been, but could only conjecture that it had been deadly.

There was a wild uproar—the confused sound of trampling horses, the noise of men calling to one another, intermingled with groans and cries of pain. Without giving them time to recover from their confusion we poured in another volley, and yet another, loading as rapidly as we could, and firing revolvers where we had them.

The effect was terrible. Many must have been



"CREASING" MUSTANGS IN TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

wounded or killed, judging by the awful uproar that arose. For a long time there was a confused hubbub of sounds. Horses were trampling, men calling; groans were mingled with cries of rage. During all this time we fired at intervals whenever we heard a sound, husbanding our ammunition, and not willing to waste a shot.

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses, the sound moving away from us, and seeming to show that our enemies had retired baffled from the assault.

Yet we were afraid of some plot. Grignon made us keep up our watch, and all that night we lay on our arms, expecting every moment to hear the Indian yell which announced the assault of the savages.

After a long night, which seemed interminable, morning dawned. As the light illumined the wide plain we looked around anxiously for our enemies, but saw none whatever. We took a hasty breakfast, and then deliberated on what we ought to do, whether to take advantage of this respite and move on, or wait for a time. Most of us thought we had better hurry on; but Grignon gave it as his opinion that the Indians were yet in the neighborhood, and were waiting to attack us on the march. He thought that it would be better to wait at least another day. We all yielded to his opinion, and waited as we best could.

We did not have to wait long.

After a few hours, at about ten o'clock, ten or a dozen horsemen appeared over a hillock in the distance riding slowly toward us.

"They wish to have a parley," said Grignon. "Some of you step forth, and see what they want. I wish to have a little to say, but will wait."

One of our men was selected, and went outside of our inclosure to meet them.

Meanwhile Grignon lifted a trunk out of the wagon which belonged to him, drew it outside, and busied himself coolly in arranging and turning over the things. We all thought that this was done for the purpose of assuming an air of indifference. So none of us noticed him particularly.

Our representative stood outside waiting for the Indians. Ten of them dismounted, and walked toward us in a friendly manner, while the rest held the horses.

One of them addressed our man in broken English.

The Indians, he said, did not want our lives. They wanted powder. If we would give them what we had they would let us go in safety, and protect us from other tribes till we got beyond the Plains.

Give them our powder! A pleasant request, It scarcely needed debate. We refused.

Well, then, would we give them our bullets? They were very much in want of bullets.

One of us said in a low voice that bullets were the only thing they would get from us, but the Indians did not hear him. Our representative refused very mildly.

The Indians now stood talking with one another, and Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who withdrew.

Grignon then stood facing the Indians.

"Are you the Captain?" said the spokesman of the Indians, suddenly, as he noticed Grignon.

"No, I'm the medicine-man; you can't shoot these men, or these horses; I save them."

The Indian translated this to his companions, who burst into roars of laughter.

Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we noticed that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze.

"See," said Grignon, "you can't shoot me. Here"—and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver—"fire at me."

The Indian smiled.

"You don't want me to kill you?" said he, scornfully.

"You can't."

The Indian's eyes flashed.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon, folding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions and said something in their language. They all responded vehemently.

The Indian took aim.

"You tell me to shoot," said he.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon again.

The Indian fired.

Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indians looked paralyzed.

Grignon showed him how to fire it again.

The Indian fired the other five shots.

Grignon caught each bullet, sometimes seeming to catch it from his breast, sometimes from his face, and each time he handed it to the Indian.

The other Indians were now in a state of wild excitement.

"They may all shoot if they choose," said Grignon, and saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols, and coming up to them proceeded to load each one. He took the powder and put it in, then the wadding and bullet, and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on loading it. Suddenly one of these fellows took aim and fired. Grignon, without seeming to have noticed him, raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead. He tossed this toward the Indian, who picked it up with an air of stupefaction.

Then he stood off, and told all the rest to fire.

Eight reports sounded in rapid succession.

Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight bullets were in his hat. Each man took one and looked at it in wonder.

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon.

They all expressed a wish to do so.

"Well, hand me the pistols."

To their amazement the pistols were gone.

They looked at one another in wonder.

"You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me too; and I swallowed them."

"Swallowed them!" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astounded companions.

"Yes; do you want them?"

The Indian nodded.

Whereupon Grignon opened his mouth, and rolling back his eyes, he inserted his fingers and drew a pistol apparently from his throat. Another followed. Then he drew forth a third, then a fourth, and so on until he had drawn forth eight pistols from his throat, while the Indians stood looking on in utter bewilderment. And no wonder, for we ourselves felt no less astonishment. We could not account for it; we were as much stupefied as the Indians themselves.

After this Grignon calmly drew forth six or eight more pistols, then a number of cartridges, and finally a carbine.

"I'm the medicine-man," said he, solemnly.

The Indians said not one word

"Do you want to fire again?" said he, and he offered the pistols to the Indians.

They all shrank back in horror.

Grignon tossed the pistols, cartridges, and carbine over to us, and smiled benignantly on the astounded savages.

He then shook his hand.

A knife fell out of the palm. Another followed, and another. He shook three more out of his left hand, and then drew a score or so more out of his ears.

"Perhaps you would like something to drink?" said he, smilingly, to the Indian who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously.

"What'll you have? Rum, brandy, gin, whisky, ale, porter, wine, or cider?"

The Indian brightened up, and spoke to his fellows. They all preferred whisky.

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully. Grignon shook it; a bottle rolled out. He shook it again; a glass fell out. He shook it a third time; nine more tumblers fell out. Finally he shook it again, and a cork-screw tumbled down.

"Will you take it raw or with water?" asked Grignon, as he proceeded to unscrew the cork.

The Indian said nothing.

"Isn't that good whisky?" asked Grignon, as he poured out a glass.

The Indian smelled it suspiciously. Then he tasted it. The taste was enough. He drank it all off, smacked his lips, looked around triumphantly on his companions, and then—held out his glass for more. At this all the other Indians, encouraged by this experiment, clamored for some. Grignon poured away from his bottle. Each one drank and wanted more. Grignon was quite willing to pour. He was not forgetful, however, of the duties of hospitality. He walked off to the Indians who were holding the horses, who had been watching the scene in stupefaction, and offered some to them. The smell of the whisky was enough for them. They drank, and wanted more.

But Grignon shook his head.

"Not now," he said to the spokesman. "I'll give you a bottle apiece to carry home with you." And going up to the blanket he shook out a dozen bottles of the same kind as the last.

By this time the Indians were in the jolliest mood conceivable.

"Before I give you any more," said he, "let me make you so that you will not get drunk."

He walked up to the first Indian, and took his hands in each of his, and looked at him steadfastly in the eyes for some time. Then he stroked his brows, and left him; this he did to each. The Indians had got over all suspicion, and merely expected that something good was coming. So they allowed him to do as he chose.

Grignon then stood off at a little distance, and in a loud voice ordered them all to look at him. Whether they understood English or not made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments before in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that the present scene did not surprise me so much as it did my companions and the other Indians.

Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they all began to dance.

Then they all knelt down.

Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact. The Indian who had been spokesman rushed wildly around, with the others all joined to him, trying to free themselves, but utterly unable, yelling and howling like wild beasts.

At last, at a shout from Grignon, the charm was dissolved. They sprang back from one another and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering and every limb trembling.

Grignon spoke.

In an instant they were panting as though suffering from extreme heat, drawing difficult breaths, gasping, and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapped so tightly about them.

Then this passed.

They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and the croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention. At one time they became rigid, and arranged themselves like the stakes of a tent—heads together, feet outward. Then four of them knelt down, and tried to run about with four others on their backs; then they all jumped wildly up in the air, and began to flap their hands. At last they made a furious onset upon one another with fists, nails, and teeth, and if they had not left their weapons behind, they would certainly have done some frightful injury.

The two Indians who held the horses looked on in horror, bewildered and stupefied, not knowing what to do. They would have fled in their fright, but dared not leave their companions behind. Grignon stood calm, with frowning brows, watching the uproar, himself the presiding spirit of the scene. My companions were confounded. Even some of these, as they afterward told me, thought that Grignon was the devil.

At last Grignon gave a loud shout.

The Indians fell flat on the ground.

They lay there for some time as if dead. Then Grignon waved his arms, and they rose to their feet. All looked bewildered and frightened. With terrified glances they regarded first Grignon and then one another.

The Indian is superstitious, like all savages; in fact, like all human beings. These men saw in Grignon a terrible demon, who could exert over them any power which he chose.

He advanced toward them.

They recoiled.

He walked up nearer.

They turned and ran toward their horses.

Grignon shouted after them.

In a frenzy of terror each man flung himself upon his horse.

Grignon ran after them.

Away they went. They urged on their horses at the top of their speed.

Grignon followed but a short distance.

Then he turned back, and came into our inclosure.

"Gather up those bottles," said he. "Tackle up the cattle, and let us march."

Instantly our men arose and obeyed.

Grignon took a heavy glass of whisky, and then lay down in one of the wagons, utterly exhausted.

We traveled all that day and all the next night unmolested. Grignon slept long and soundly. After resting for a time we pushed on our teams, so as to get as far beyond the hostile Indians as possible.

We saw nothing of them.

"They won't dare to pursue us," said Grignon, confidently. "They'll go back and tell such a story as will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year."

Grignon was right. Not only did they not pursue us, but for all the remainder of that year, and for all the next, no travelers on that route were molested.

"I don't see," said I, "how you managed to do those tricks on the open ground without a table."

Grignon smiled.

"Only clumsy performers use tables," said he. "I could have done far more wonderful things, but they would have been thrown away on those savages. I'll reserve my good tricks for San Francisco."

And so he did; for of all the wizards, magicians, and conjurors that have visited the Golden State, none have won such fame or excited such wonder as my friend Grignon.

WILD HORSES IN TEXAS.

OVER to the eastward of the Sakatcho Mountains is an uninhabited tract of country, about eighty miles long by forty miles wide, that abounds with wild mustangs. There are three ways of catching them in general use—"walking them down," "snaring," and "creasing." The general impression is that wild horses are all lassoed; but that method is of no use except to break down "gentle" horses, to illustrate geographies, and to embellish watch-cases; it is not practiced to any great extent on the prairies.

Whichever way you choose to operate, first and foremost you must find where the horses "water." Their drinking-places in this dry country are few and far apart, and a "bunch" of mustangs will often graze in the same vicinity and drink from the same waters for weeks at a time, if undisturbed.

If it is proposed to catch the whole herd by walking, it requires four men, and about two "led" horses to each man. These go to the watering-place and wait quietly the appearance of the herd, when two of the men, with their extra horses, show themselves and start slowly after the herd, taking care not to frighten them into a run.

The mustangs keep a respectful distance, very much astonished and puzzled at two men who act so strangely, running neither toward them nor from them.

The men take it very easy, do not move faster than a walk, and aim to get a position upon the flanks of the herd, and just barely keep them moving, so that they can not eat.

The season of bright moonlight has been chosen, and the plain trail in the tall grass is easily followed through the long night, until the gray light of early dawn reveals the drove a trifle nearer and a trifle tamer than before, but still full of the nervous fire that would carry them far out of harm's way upon the first note of alarm from their leader.

The men, who by this time are fifteen or twenty miles away from their friends at the water-hole, and have tired one horse and rode one of the extras part of the night, now head the mustangs and start them on the back track with little trouble, for they are tired and just begin to thirst for another drink from the familiar watering-place.

But when they arrive, nearly crazy with thirst and hunger, what must be their despair at seeing two more men, with three fresh horses apiece, on their trail!

This second relief takes them out for another twenty-four hour trip, never letting them feed a moment; and when joined by their companions at the water-hole on the third evening, the mustangs having been driven constantly without food or water for sixty or seventy hours, they are generally so tired and dispirited that the four men can drive them across the country and into the nearest corral by the next morning without farther trouble.

Instances have been known where a herd was kept on the move seven days and nights before being sufficiently used up to corral.

The next method used for capturing these horses is the "snare," practiced mostly by Greasers, who are too lazy to do any thing else but hang a rope on a tree and watch till it catches something.

For this to be successful the water-hole must be surrounded by thick chaparral, with only a narrow path or pass leading down to the water; then they take several lassoes and fasten one end of each to a heavy clog of wood, and hang the noose in the path. When the herd comes to water and approaches the first noose the Mexicans jump up behind them with a loud yell, while the horses rush through the narrow defile as best they can, and two or three are certain to be caught; then such a jumping and kicking and plunging and screaming is not to be seen elsewhere, I fancy, as those horses exhibit until they are tired out and choked down.

The "crease" is purely American, and is practiced by hunters who only want one horse, or by travelers who have been unfortunate enough to lose their mount, and who are good rifle-shots.

It simply consists of lying in wait for the drove at some convenient place—usually a water-hole—taking your pick, and shooting him through the top of the neck, touching but not breaking the spinal column. The horse falls as if dead; but by the time you get him bound he revives, and his slight wound is healed with little trouble.

HARLEM LANE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

ON every fine Sabbath afternoon all the best roads leading out of New York are thronged with vehicles bound for the pleasant regions that skirt our metropolis—for Westchester County, Coney Island, and elsewhere. The most celebrated and most frequented of these is Harlem Lane, of which, on page 744, our artist gives a representation as it appears upon these jolly occasions. The Lane is a continuation of the Central Park Drive, and leads into Eighth Avenue near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

The picture given by our artist is a sort of microcosm—a representation of Vanity Fair on wheels. There is the gay young clerk with his smiling companion; the flashy millionaire with his magnificent turn-out; the young spendthrift with his gay, carouse-loving comrades; the roué and the gambler; and a long, never-ending procession of pleasure-seekers. Fast men, fast women, and fast horses hold a sort of monopoly over the Lane on Sunday afternoons, and as they emerge into the Avenue the road on either side is usually almost lined with curious or admiring spectators. This fleeting procession wears, after all, only the mask of gayety, which hides below it the rottenness and dreary desolation of a life devoted to fashionable vanities.

SKETCHES IN THE ADIRONDACK REGION.

IF you choose to "rough it," there is no section of this country more favorable for your purpose than that in the immediate vicinity of the Indian Pass through the Adirondack range of mountains.

Via the wagon road from Crown-Point on Lake Champlain the distance is just fifty miles to Adirondack village. Thirty miles of this road is corduroy, which is so rough that the buck board wagon is or ought to be the only vehicle used to convey the tourist into the wilderness.

The deserted village of Adirondack was built nearly thirty years since by a wealthy company of gentlemen who constructed extensive iron-works there, and finally discovered that, after transporting iron pigs fifty miles by wagon, the profit on the metal amounted to nothing. Then the works and the village were abandoned. Furnace-men and charcoal-burners went their several ways. The Adirondack Bank called in its circulation. The huge iron chest, heavy with specie, was sent from the source to the mouth of the Hudson. And one family, that of ROBERT HUNTER, was left to inhabit the village and take charge of the works.

There is a curiously well-balanced boulder which you will see by the road-side twenty miles from the village, a huge mass of rock, to all appearance so nicely balanced that you may, by means of a fence rail used as a lever, throw the boulder from its resting-place on the rock.

MAX TREADO and JOHN CHEENY, both well-known as successful hunters and skillful trappers, make their home at Ta-haw-hus, a small settlement ten miles from Adirondack. With them you may tramp through the forest, camp out, hunt and fish, until, satiated with sport, you are weary of the woods and long for civilization.

The top of Mount Marcy, the highest peak in New York State, is within thirteen miles of Adirondack. The Great Indian Pass runs near by from Lake Henderson, which is not more than half a mile distant.

IN SEVILLE.

I WAS in Seville a few weeks ago when Isabella still was Queen. A traveler's first impression in Seville is that of being perpetually stared at. In the streets, at the theatres, in the churches, at the Mesa rodonda (table d'hôte), it is all the same. Spanish politeness seems to have gone the way of Spanish debentures; a stranger who is inclined for a lounge will attract about the same amount of respectful attention as a giraffe taking the air in the Strand. A good wholesome English beard is the thing of all others to excite wrath; it would be less conspicuous, perhaps, to wear a tail. The full-grown beard of Britain is too nearly allied to the Moorish or Israelitish appendage to be tolerated by orthodox believers, who shave off the whiskers, and trim the hair on the chin to a fine Vandyke point. An Englishman with a white beard was not long ago pelted in one of the squares of Seville. The city is very sensitive also on the subject of bonnets, or ladies' hats. It would be about as safe to wear a Moorish turban. Probably it is only intended as a tribute of respect to the national Mantilla that fashionably dressed young men stand still and laugh aloud as an English lady passes by.

Whether the tired traveler will sleep at night in Seville depends upon the view he may take of street-noises. If he has gone through a preparatory course of having chain-cables hauled over his berth on board ship he may possibly be soothed to rest by mule-bells, which are like tin-kettles with stones in them, and the rattle whereof is incessant. Mellowed by the distance of a mile or so the sound may have a charm; but it certainly is not to be discovered when it is continued all night immediately under your bedroom window.

The watchmen, too, are very obliging. They prowl about with halberds and lanterns, and insist upon telling you the time every half-hour, accompanying their intimation by a prolonged howl, which is supposed to be "Ave Maria purissima," and so on. By about three A.M. the church-bells are stirring. These instruments of torture are suspended to a beam which revolves on pivots, and the bell is pushed by a man, like a swing, and turns over and over, ringing as it goes. So, between mule-bells on the earth and church-bells in the sky, the traveler may improve his sleepless nights by extending his acquaintance with campanology.

If the people of Seville be dirty it is their own fault, for the town abounds in excellent and well arranged baths. The only difficulty is in getting the water cold. You state your wishes, the attendant shrugs his shoulders, and, while your back is turned, secretly lets a quantity of hot water in, under the impression that you are mad, and that no created constitution could survive the shock of a cold bath.

Hotels in Seville are good and reasonable. As a rule they are kept by foreigners, Italians or French; for the Spaniard still clings fondly to his notion of what an hotel ought to be—a place where you and your horse may sleep, with the privileges of a common fire for cooking any provisions you may chance to have brought with you.

Communication with foreign nations has done much to destroy this national institution, and the result is that in Southern Spain board and lodging may be obtained for less than would be demanded in most parts of France or Germany. In Seville, for example, first-floor apartments are to be rented in an hotel which commands a view of one of the most fashionable thoroughfares at the rate of two dollars a day for an adult, and one dollar for children. This includes two capital meals at the table d'hôte, with a fair proportion of inferior wine. Most reasonable people would be content with this when it is remembered that a Spanish breakfast is almost a dinner, or rather an early luncheon, and, besides meat and pastry, winds up with dessert. A repetition of this meal at five or six o'clock will be quite as much as most digestions can safely undertake. But, if the bill of fare be princely in its dimensions, there are one or two drawbacks to a public meal which render a less sumptuous repast in private more to the taste of travelers with English-bred notions of politeness. In the first place every Spaniard smokes. Meet him when and where you will, there is the inevitable cigar. So he is pretty sure to bring it in to dinner with him, and the smallest delay between the courses finds him puffing away with such vigor as to make a stranger wonder whether, for some unknown cause, the dinner is being served in the smoking-room of the establishment. In the next place Spaniards seem to suffer from cold and bronchial affections to a most alarming extent. A priest at the altar, an actor on the stage, a man of fashion at the club, your next neighbor at the table d'hôte perform such prodigies of expectoration as can only result from the chronic derangement of the national mucous membrane. Bating these little peculiarities there is nothing to hinder an enjoyable meal.

The bedroom is sure to be cool, for houses and streets are so constructed as to keep out as much sunshine as possible. Some of the streets have wires drawn across from house to house, over which canvas is spread during the heat of the day; and, as many of the shop-keepers dispense with window-fronts, and allow their goods to lie exposed in tempting profusion, the sensation is like that of walking through a gigantic fancy fair. There are three things to be noted in streets devoted to private residences: First, that all the houses have projecting windows from the first-floor to the top. This gives much the same sort of character to a house that a good nose does to a human face. The effect is further enhanced by the frame-work being painted in all kinds of bright colors, according to the taste of the owner. Secondly, in place of a solid street door there is always an iron gate, tastefully wrought in filigree-work, and affording a most captivating glimpse of the marble court, or patio, with its fountain in the centre, and orange-trees and heliotropes grouped around. Thirdly, the windows on the ground and first-floor are furnished with stout iron bars, raising an unpleasant suspicion that burglaries must be of very common occurrence in Seville, or that a somewhat unreasonable portion of the city is devoted to sponging-house accommodation. The custom, however, is not altogether due to fear of thieves, but to fear of intrigue. Spanish ladies not being allowed to see their lovers with as much freedom as among ourselves, make up for the restriction by private assignations. Two or three unpolite proverbs are in existence as to the amount of vigilance that should be exercised over women; and the iron bars in question are the proverbs put into practice.

If asked what is the most prominent feature of ordinary street-life in Seville—as I saw it before the present Revolution—the unhesitating answer would be, Soldiers. Supposing that other towns are as liberally supplied with defenders as the capital of Andalusia, her most Catholic majesty must needs have had a good-sized army. Anticipations of a pronunciamento on a small scale may help, on occasion, to swell the Seville garrison to a portentous size; but the everyday aspect of the city is enough to drive a stranger into a frenzy of perplexity, if he begin to think where all the swarms of soldiers come from—how they are paid and fed—and what they do for their money. The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning there they are, prowling about in pairs: lean and gaunt and hungry. Waspish waists and an air of faded gentility are the characteristics of the officers. If ribbons and decorations be any sign of valor, most of them must be perfect lions in fight. An unprejudiced observer might be inclined to think that a little more bone and muscle would not detract from their warlike capacities; but what they want in height of body they make up in length of sword. Privates, as well as officers, wear their side-arms at all hours of the day and night—an arrangement that helps to swell the list of cutting and wounding for which Seville is deservedly renowned.

A timely notice placarded in the patio of the hotel announces that on such and such an evening Señor Somebody, with his company of ladies and gentlemen, will execute all the favorite national dances. The payment of a dollar by a stranger, and of a quarter of that sum by a more highly-favored native, introduces the visitor into a long and dreary room, along the sides of which are seated rows of gloomy-looking individuals, who appear to be awaiting the commencement of business with the amount of cheerfulness usually manifested by patients in a dentist's ante-room. The entrance of four women in short petticoats, and the same number of men in preternaturally tight small-clothes—each of them a dancer of renown—fails to arouse the company from its abject despondency. But as the mysteries of the dance begin to unfold themselves with a grace and dignity that leave all conceivable ballets at a hopeless distance, it turns out that most of the grim spectators have castanets concealed beneath their cloaks. As the pulse begins to quicken, the castanets begin to play; first feebly, then loudly, then madly. Some banjo-like guitars catch the enthusiasm and set up a twanging that speaks well for the strength of catgut. The whole is crowned by a general stamping of feet, in the midst of which half a dozen or so of the spectators fling off their cloaks, rush into the midst of the dance, and display an activity and vigor which are only to be surpassed by their professional brethren. Is it pretty? somebody may ask. That depends upon taste. The figures of the dancers are graceful beyond all words; but the din of the castanets and the general uproar are calculated to interfere with enjoyment. In the open air, and with plenty of space at command, the performance would be charming enough; but none save the strongest nerves ought to try the experiment under a roof.

It is difficult to decide whether Spanish theatres are to be classed as places of entertainment, or whether they should not be regarded as partaking of the nature of a severe penitential discipline. The air of depression that pervades the audience, and the absence of any thing which could be interpreted as a symptom of enjoyment, would favor the last supposition. The men shroud themselves in their cloaks, and lapse into a state of coma. The women telegraph with their fans to favored acquaintances, and pay as much attention to the play as they do to the admonitions of their duennas. Tragedy, in an unlimited number of acts, seems most in vogue, and best harmonizes with the wobegone aspect of the audience. A prompter is ensconced in a little box in the middle of the foot-lights, as in France and Italy, and as he not only reads every word of the play in a key that is audible half over the house, but tells the actors where to stand, and what to do, the interest of the drama does not flag from the audience not knowing what is to come next. The one advantage of theatre-going (next to a pretty and well-ventilated house) is that, judging by time, full equivalent is given for your money. A uniform charge is made for admission, but this must be supplemented by a further sum, varying according to the part of the house that is chosen. The entire outlay need not exceed two shillings.

There is one impression that a stranger can hardly fail to bring away from the theatre, which is, that Spanish ladies are the best gloved women in the world. And so they ought to be, when, besides the natural advantage of well-shaped hands, they make glove buying part of the serious business of life. A Seville glove shop is a curiosity. The counter is adorned with a row of small cushions, the probable use of which gives rise to a variety of wild conjectures on the part of a stranger. These are intended for ladies' elbows to rest upon, while the shop assistants (always men) pull the gloves on for them. No lady would dream of fitting herself with gloves any more than with shoes. As señoras rather pique themselves upon not wearing the same gloves more than once, the glove-fitting operation has to be often repeated. Whenever a row of women are seen undergoing the operation, the picture is sure to be garnished with a fringe of admiring cavaliers.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Imperial Library of Paris is the most extensive in the world, containing more than a million printed volumes, besides a large number of manuscripts, pamphlets, maps, and charts, and over a million of engravings. This valuable collection is constantly increasing by gifts, purchases, and by the action of a law passed in the time of Henry II., which requires the deposit of a copy of every new work printed in France. Not long ago two new reading-rooms were opened in the Imperial Library. One is wholly public; any one can enter. It is provided with ordinary tables and chairs, and about twenty thousand volumes of the more common works are allotted to it. The other reading-room is open only to persons furnished with tickets of admission. Each desk and chair form a sort of alcove, where the student may pursue his investigations almost as quietly as if in his own study. With the exception of the rarest works, all the treasures of the Library are at the disposal of the readers in this room. Applicants are required to state the general nature of their researches; but tickets will be liberally granted, especially to foreigners. There are numerous public libraries in Paris, many of which are freely opened every day. It is stated that they contain altogether between six and seven millions of volumes.

The Library of the British Museum numbers not far from 820,000 printed volumes. This is not exactly free to the public, since a ticket of admission must first be obtained, and the one applying for a ticket must be a respectable person of twenty-one years of age, and have a specific literary purpose in view. In order to obtain admission he must write a letter to the principal librarian, stating the needful particulars, and also obtain the written recommendation of some responsible friend. The regulations for readers are stringent, but perhaps not unnecessarily so. About eleven years ago a new and commodious reading-room was opened in connection with the British Museum. It contains sitting accommodations for three hundred persons. Some of the tables are reserved exclusively for ladies, though they have the privilege of taking seats where they please. Comfortable chairs, pens, ink, blotters, paper-cutters, and similar conveniences are supplied. Moreover, the room is well warmed and ventilated.

It is said that the supply of books in the Library of the British Museum is "unlimited." What exactly that term may mean is a little uncertain. But it surely seems to be quite an undertaking sometimes to put one's hand upon a particular volume. An American gentleman visiting London a few months ago went to the British Museum, and requested to examine a particular book. As he had complied with all the preliminary regulations there was no delay on that ground, yet it was a full half hour after he made the request before he obtained the volume.

We are to have no more Christmas stories from Dickens, it is said. He has also commenced his farewell series of readings in London. The manuscript of Victor Hugo's new novel, entitled "By Order of the King," will bring him $40,000. The Danish novelist, Hans Christian Andersen, is expected to visit the United States next February.

It is said that a poor German mechanic of this city has invented a sounding-board which prolongs the sound in the piano. The invention is of such a nature that, if the report is true, the piano will become a very perfect musical instrument, and the inventor's fortune be made. Time will show.

Professor Robbins, of Boston, claims to have invented or discovered a method of learning to play on the piano-forte by which months and even years of painful study and practice may be avoided. It is entirely original, say the music-teachers who indorse it—"a marvel of scientific ingenuity and a wonderful art." Surely there will some time be discovered "a royal road to learning."

A Rochester paper states that a new species of shad has been discovered in Lake Ontario, off the Irondequoit Bay. This fish is about a pound in weight, and differs from an ordinary shad in having more of a "snub" nose, is a little flatter, and, unlike other fish, has a "gizzard," as in a fowl. It has the fins, forked sawbones, and white and black meat of a shad. It is fine eating.

A San Francisco correspondent of one of our daily papers, after giving a detailed account of the destruction of life and property by the recent earthquake in that vicinity, remarks that it has been demonstrated that properly constructed brick, stone, or iron buildings, on natural ground, in any part of San Francisco, will stand uninjured the heaviest earthquakes ever felt in that latitude; and that good frame structures, in any part of the city—even on made ground, if care is taken with the foundations—will pass through heavier shocks unharmed. He states that every fatal casualty was the result of criminal carelessness in constructing brick cornices without supports or proper attachments to the walls, fire-walls, battlements, or chimneys.

A strange story is related in the *Lancet* of a young boy living in Kosk, Western Russia, who had some disease of the knee which rendered him lame. While riding on horseback in a violent thunder-storm he was struck by lightning and thrown to the ground. When he returned to his senses he found his right leg was entirely gone. He was rescued and conveyed to a neighboring village, where the violent hemorrhage was stopped. The severed leg was found on the grass, several days after the accident, just where the boy had been thrown from his horse. It was quite dried up, and emitted no smell, the tibia being quite black, and stripped half down the leg.

The London *Lancet* gives a "certain cure" for tooth-ache. Add one drachm of collodion to two drachms of carbolic acid and a gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth will give immediate relief.

The weddings of a hundred years ago were certainly grand affairs, after the fashion of those days. On the occasion of a marriage which occurred in England in 1760, the entertainment consisted of one hundred and twenty quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of mutton, and a great quantity of beef; twelve hams, with a suitable number of chickens, eight hampers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt made into beer. Five hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen were present, music was furnished by twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order.

A Chesterfield farmer, having noticed that every farm advertised for sale is situated in or near some city or village, easily accessible to railroad stations, churches, and school-houses, has new and commodious buildings, is well watered, *etc.*, advertises his farm as being *very* far removed from any public road; the buildings neither new nor in good repair; and the land needs enriching. The cattle, such as they are, raised upon the fodder of the place (brakes, dogacamus, and hardhack), he will sell or give to the purchaser of the farm.

English oysters are inferior in size, and Englishmen speak of the large American oysters as a luxury. Years ago, when Thackeray visited this country, he was the honored guest of some distinguished men—in Boston, we think—at a dinner party. Raw oysters were served; and, by special arrangement, the waiter placed before Thackeray a plate containing bivalves of unusually huge dimensions. Thackeray looked at them in amazement and uncertainty. He hesitated, but finally attempted to divide one monster with his spoon. "Oh, you must not cut oysters," remonstrated a friend at his elbow, who with others was enjoying the joke, "we always eat them whole." The English author gazed doubtfully at the immense oyster, but made a violent effort and—swallowed it. "How do you like our American oysters?" inquired an amused spectator, sitting opposite at the table. "I feel," replied Thackeray, solemnly, "as if I had swallowed a *cold baby!*"

Among the curiosities to be deposited in the Municipal Museum, which is in course of formation at the Hôtel Garnavalet, will be all the maps of the city of Paris, from the earliest period down to the great works recently drawn up by order of Baron Haussmann. One of these is a manuscript, representing Paris about the year 1400. Since the commencement of the eighteenth century the plans of Paris may be counted by hundreds.

The Nashville *Banner* gives a thrilling account of an accident which befell a lovely girl in that city. She was apparently the possessor of a "great wealth of golden hair;" but while standing on the sidewalk, chatting with some companions, this "golden hair" attracted the attention of a hungry mule which was harnassed to a fruit-wagon near by. The vicious creature caught the beautiful tresses between his teeth, and gave them such a jerk as pulled them entirely out of her head! The unfortunate girl was in a distressed condition, but all attempts to rescue the precious article from the wicked animal were in vain—he was resolved to chew the choice morsel to his heart's content. The young lady was conveyed home in a hack, and, at the last accounts, hopes were entertained of her recovery.

There recently died in Paris a French journalist, Dunan Mousseux, whose sole business for some years past has been to get up striking advertisements for Parisian dry-goods dealers. He received, in some cases, as much as five hundred francs for a single advertisement. He would often say to the merchants: "You throw your money to the dogs the way you advertise. People like to deal with witty merchants. Get up a sprightly advertisement and you will attract twice as many customers as by pursuing the same dull and heavy way in which Adam and Noah advertised."

Portraits of Abraham Lincoln are to be found in many European households. Mr. Thomas W. Knox, in his journey through Siberia, two years ago, frequently saw portraits of our martyred President hanging on the walls of the way-side stations and in the hands of the wealthy citizens. At Ekaterineburg, in the Ural Mountains, he was shown a bust of Mr. Lincoln that was being made to the order of a wealthy Russian. The bust was five or six inches high, and cut in topaz from a model procured from America for the purpose.

An unpleasant story is told in connection with Mademoiselle Schneider while she was residing at a French hotel in London. After one of the representations of the *Grand Duchesse of Gerolstein* was over Mademoiselle Schneider gave a Champagne supper, which assumed an exceedingly gay character. Long after midnight, when the guests had departed, the landlord expressed a wish to see Mademoiselle. Being admitted to her presence, he said: "Mademoiselle Schneider, I regret exceedingly that I can not keep you any longer at my house. It has always borne an excellent reputation, which it would lose in case I should tolerate in it a repetition of such drinking scenes as have just taken place in your rooms. My porter will, to-morrow morning, convey your trunks to any place you may designate." The actress, it is said, responded by throwing a tumbler at the landlord's head.

There is a curious story of an Italian nautical adventurer, who thinks he has discovered an island of great richness and vast extent somewhere on the coast of China. He offered to sell it to Prussia and France, but they don't want it; so, disgusted by the refusals of the European powers, he came to America, as the story goes, to call on Mr. Seward. He expects soon to conclude the business transaction, and to set out to take possession of the island in the name of the Great Republic.

In 1861, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 3323 tons of ice were carried from Norway into England; in 1865, 43,350 tons were imported; and during the last year the quantity has been much greater. And still a good market might be found for much more ice in England.

Adelina Patti was warmly welcomed on her first appearance in Paris as "Lucia." There was no little curiosity to see the *prima donna* who had become a marquise. It was generally conceded that her voice had gained in richness, and her style improved in taste and precision.

The British *Medical Journal* inquires "What is soda-water? And is the absence of soda from 'soda-water' a generally understood fact?" It was stated in a recent discussion upon the subject that not one of five samples proved what it ought to be, even in cases where the name of the maker might be expected to be a guarantee of good quality. Several speakers insisted that the less soda the soda-water contained the more it was relished. One person said that four years ago they manufactured soda-water with fifteen grains of soda per bottle, and people complained and said, "What is the matter with this soda-water? It tastes like soap." They then decreased the quantity of soda, and in proportion as they did so their trade increased. He could not state the exact quantity now dissolved, but perhaps it was the fraction of a grain.

Two-thirds of the population of Calvin, Michigan, are stated to be colored people; their entire valuation in landed property, $576,000. They have, in addition, a large amount of other property. They are industrious, determined to educate themselves and their children, and to be honorable and respected citizens—a benefit to their State, and an honor to themselves.

HARLEM LANE, SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER GRANT.

THREE WEDDINGS IN A DAY.

"I DO wonder," said Miss Polly Whittlesea, suspending her knitting and her rocking, and sending an indignant gaze across the street, where a young lady, dressed in the cloudiest of white muslins and the bluest of blue ribbons, was being helped into a carriage by a young gentleman —"I *do* wonder what's the sense of a woman's getting married! making a slave of herself, when she might be comfortable, and being dictated to by somebody in pantaloons! There's that Jenks girl," indicating the young lady before mentioned; "she had every thing she wanted at home, and her Pa was worried if she scratched her little finger; she could dress as she liked, go where she liked, and do what she liked; and here she must up and marry that ridiculous snip of a clerk, who earns six hundred a year! Of *all* the foolishness! Six hundred! I wonder where she'll get her ribbons and her Cologne! It's a melancholy example of blindness and perversity, and I hope you girls will profit by it."

But for Miss Polly's last remark the reader might have supposed she was alone in her shady parlor that afternoon. It would have been a mistake; her niece Jane, a tall, demure-looking young lady of twenty-five, sat at the table near by, dotting an embroidery pattern. Her niece Mollie, a curly-headed damsel of seventeen years, sat in the open window, swinging the sprays of blossomy lilac abstractedly, and watching the couple who had excited Miss Whittlesea's indignation with envious eyes. It was a little, old-fashioned parlor, with a high gilded looking-glass, a few quaint pictures, claw-footed chairs, spare curtains, and a great vase of syringa set on the mantle. Miss Polly, an antiquated female of forty-five, looked quite as old-fashioned as the room, as she sat knitting vigorously in her starched cap and black silk apron.

"I hope," continued Miss Polly, after waiting a reasonable time and receiving no response to her former remark, "I shall never see either of *my* nieces making a fool of herself."

"No, certainly, aunt," said Jane, bending down to pick up her reel of cotton.

"Oh no!" echoed Molly from the window.

"As I have always said, I want to save you from the universal stumbling-block of the sex. I want you to keep what health and happiness you have, and not slave yourself to death for other people."

"Yes," was the subdued response of her two listeners.

"I see you understand me. Why, Mollie, there comes Mr. Wilkins home to supper, and there's no fire made. Run, child—oh, stop a minute—I forgot to say that I am going out to tea to-morrow night, Mr. Wilkins and I, to Mrs. Green's. She's been talking about having a tea-party for two years, and now it's coming off. It's a regular party. We're to go at three, and stay till nine."

Mollie whirled about suddenly in the doorway, and there was a peculiar expression in Jane's gray eyes as she raised them to her aunt's face.

"Shall you stay so late?" she asked.

"I mean to, if I'm well. I don't go merely to get my supper; I go for the sake of social intercourse. What are you waiting for, Mollie?"

"Nothing," responded that damsel, dancing off with sudden light-heartedness. "Supper in fifteen minutes, auntie."

I hate explanations, so I will only say that Miss Polly was a maiden lady with a moderate fortune, living in the village of Belton. Jane and Mollie were two orphan nieces whom she had educated, and whom she loved as if they were her own daughters. Like most maiden ladies, Miss Polly disapproved of matrimony, and she had striven, with apparent success, to impress her own opinions on the minds of her two charges. The Mr. Wilkins obscurely mentioned above was an elderly gentleman whom Miss Whittlesea was boarding for the summer, driven thereto by a scarcity of pocket-money. He was a tall, spare man, a widower, with stiff gray hair, and a curiously puckered face, which wore a perpetual feeble smile. He always had most amazingly stiff shirt-collars, and the squeakiest boots in the world, and his whole conversation was a prolonged meander among words—a hopeless search for terms that should sufficiently praise Miss Polly. Perhaps this was the reason that the latter endured him with such wonderful patience, and reproved Jane and Mollie for laughing at his personal peculiarities.

If any one had been looking for Miss Jane Saunders immediately after breakfast the next morning, he would have found her in her chamber hastily scribbling a letter. Of course we can not make her correspondence public, so we will merely watch while she puts the letter in her pocket, dons a gray shawl and bonnet, and starts for the village, walking gravely and innocently as if that pocket was empty. After doing one or two small errands she goes into the post-office. Now we are on the look-out: the letter is directed to Mr. Lyman Ellis. The postmistress smiles a little as she sees the name, and Jane turns away with flushed cheeks.

"She must have thought it a business letter," Jane soliloquizes, perturbedly; "but, to be sure, she must have wondered why I didn't call at his office. I don't care what she thinks! Surely it is not wrong. Aunt will never know it, and I have so few chances to see him."

Nevertheless Jane's conscience troubled her a little, and she walked more slowly than usual, as she came near home. Mollie was out at the gate, looking as pretty as the morning, ostensibly occupied in breaking dead branches off the rose-bushes with a reckless disregard of thorns.

"Why, where are your scissors and gloves?" inquired Jane.

"I don't want them," said Mollie, hastily. "I can work as well this way. Isn't there a prayer-meeting to-night?"

"Yes," replied her sister, feeling her cheeks grow hot again.

"You're going, I suppose?" questioned Mollie, becoming very busy with the rose-bushes.

"I think so, if you're not afraid to stay alone."

"No indeed," was the quick answer, delivered with unnecessary earnestness. "Don't think of staying on my account."

"Very well."

The instant Jane was out of sight Mollie, after looking suspiciously at the front of the house, that looked back at her meekly with closed blinds and vacant doorway, and after peering down into the recesses of the garden on her right, called in suppressed tones to a tiny Irish child on the opposite sidewalk,

"Mick!"

"Yis'm."

"Going past Mr. Bent's store?"

"Yis'm."

"Give this note to Mr. Hall—remember to Mr. Hall. If you'll be back in ten minutes, and won't tell any body, I'll give you the biggest piece of cake! Will you?"

"Yis'm;" and the small urchin was off in an instant. Mollie listened to the patter of his bare feet with a very satisfied smile, then went on trimming the rose-bushes demurely.

Mick, having returned in precisely seven minutes, was duly rewarded with an immense bar of cake, duly cautioned never, never to tell, and dismissed well content. Then Mollie opened the letter; for, of course, like all communications written by females, her note had required an answer. It ran thus:

"DEAREST MOLLIE,—I will be with you to-night at precisely half past seven. I'm inclined to bless both the dragon and my stars. TOM."

At three o'clock that afternoon Miss Polly came into the parlor, where her nieces were sitting demurely, cutting bits of bright silk for patchwork. She wore a lace cap tied with yellow ribbons and a green silk dress. (Let the reader be not shocked, for Miss Polly was fond of bright colors and went to tea-parties but seldom.)

"Be good children," she said, patronizingly, regarding herself in the glass with great complacency. "Don't sit up for me. I shall take a key and we can let ourselves in. Does my dress look well, Jane?"

"Very well, aunt."

"What flowers shall I get for a bouquet? London pride is pretty and sweet-williams—don't you think so?"

"I think smaller flowers would be better. I'll go and cut you some," said Jane, dutifully.

"No; sit still. I hear Mr. Wilkins on the stairs. I'll pick some myself as I go out."

You might have heard Mr. Wilkins at the other end of the town, such amazingly stiff boots had he seen fit to assume on this occasion. It was quite a wonderful thing to watch him as he stood in the little path, awkwardly holding the bouquet of clover pinks and yellow coreopsis that Miss Polly had given him, remarking every other minute that "the—hum—the flowers were—hum—excessively pretty," and finally offering his arm laboriously.

The two girls regarded this scene from the window and turned away without comment, only there was a good deal of wonder in Jane's eyes and a good deal of fun in Mollie's. They sewed industriously the rest of the afternoon, scarcely once speaking to each other, until the clock struck five and Jane went out to prepare supper.

"What a beautiful sunset!" said Mollie, as she rose from the table. "How long does the meeting last, Jane?"

"Until half past eight; but I may not be home then, for I'm going to carry old Mrs. Dobbs some medicine. Don't sit up for me. You can leave the back-door open, or I'll take the other key of the front one. I shall be back before auntie," she added, guiltily, seeing Mollie's surprised face.

"You'd better take the key. I think I'll go to bed early. Don't come into my room and disturb me, Jane. I never sleep well if I'm waked."

As Mollie put the last dish comfortably away in the closet she heard the clock strike seven, and saw Jane passing out the gate, basket in hand. Mollie felt very guilty. How good Jane was, and what a difference between them! Jane was going to do good and attend a prayer-meeting, and she was going to disobey her aunt, stay at home, and see Tom! But, somehow, Mollie thought the prospect was pleasant.

At half past seven she was stationed down by the gate. She had little time for anticipation, for somebody came up the street at a very quick pace, somebody sprang through the gate, or over it, and greeted Mollie with the freedom of an old acquaintance. It was a merry-faced young gentleman with blue eyes and brown curls.

"My respects to the dragon," said the new-comer, bowing to the house with great deference. "My respects to Wilkins and your unfortunate sister. How have I become blessed with the opportunity of seeing you?"

"Auntie and Mr. Wilkins are at a tea-party, and Jane's gone to a prayer-meeting. Hurry, Tom. Come down in the garden, or somebody'll be sure to see you. I've locked up the house. You can stay till just half past eight."

"One hour. Momently expecting that the dragon will fall upon me. *I* don't care if she does."

"Stop calling her a dragon, Tom; and don't talk so, if you have any pity for me."

"Quite tragic! Excuse me for saying so, Mollie; but how ridiculous all this is! Here we have been engaged a year, and you frown if I bow to you on the street; you scarcely let me show my head near this house, and you won't hear of my speaking to your aunt. If I walk past here, I discover Miss Polly glaring out of the parlor-window, or Wilkins squinting from the front-door. If I look at you twice in church, I'm the object of Miss Polly's furious attention. Now, I say it's ridiculous. I'm not a Gorgon—I'm a respectable young man, at least I always thought so. Can't you go and tell your aunt you want to get married, if you don't think I'm competent to arrange matters?"

"You know I would if I dared, Tom; but aunt is dreadful. I do try sometimes, but I can't; really I can't."

"What's to prevent? Will she put an end to your existence, or shut you up on bread and water?"

"She'd disown me, Tom. She'd cut me off with a shilling, and never hear my name spoken again."

"Is that all? I'll own you, and give you twenty shillings for every one she won't give you, besides bestowing my name upon you. Come, that's an offer!"

I will not give the conversation in detail. Suffice it to say that it was nearly nine o'clock when Mr. Hall, having exhausted all his arguments without effect, finally became indignant, and determined to depart. He was making one final appeal to Mollie, who, still unconvinced, and still lacking in courage, sat sobbing on the bench before him, when they both heard the gate closed softly, and saw, dimly, two figures turning toward the garden.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mollie, in terrified accents. "Tom—the pear-trees!"

Before Tom quite knew what he was about, he had followed Mollie, or had been dragged by Mollie, under the shadow of the trees, and was stationed behind a flourishing clump of rhubarb plants.

"This *is* a proceeding!" he began, then suddenly checked himself to listen.

The voices were very near them now, and a moment after another miserable couple seated themselves on the same bench which the concealed pair had left so unceremoniously.

"Poor little Mollie," said Jane, mournfully, glancing back at the dark house, "she's gone to bed long ago, I dare say. I wish I was as happy as Mollie. Oh, what would she think of me, if she knew?"

"Think?" replied the voice of Mr. Lyman Ellis. "I own it wouldn't be very agreeable to be discovered lurking about the house in this fashion, but if you will allow me to go to your aunt to-morrow morning and tell her I wish to marry you, she could think or say nothing unpleasant. You are sacrificing your happiness and mine to a miserable caprice. Your aunt happens to have a prejudice against marriage, and so you promise yourself to remain single till she dies."

"Oh, don't speak so. I owe Aunt Polly every thing, and her death will be the greatest misfortune in the world to me."

"All the benefits in the world give her no right to dictate in a matter like this."

"I know."

"Well, then, consider me a little—you consider her so much—let me come here to-morrow and speak to her plainly."

"Oh, I daren't! Oh, Lyman, what shall I do? There she comes now."

In fact two more figures *were* discernible coming through the gate, unmistakably the figures of Miss Polly and Mr. Wilkins. They seemed in no hurry to go in, but stood leaning on the fence in the moonlight and talking. Presently—oh disastrous movement!—they were seen sauntering slowly toward the garden.

"What shall I do?" gasped Jane, again, in the very extremity of terror.

"Come under the shade," said Mr. Ellis. "She won't perceive us."

In a moment they were crouching so close to the retreat of their fellow-sufferers that the recumbent Mr. Hall could have touched Mr. Ellis's coat-tails.

"This moon is delightful!" was the first remark of Miss Polly's that reached their ears.

"It is!" responded Mr. Wilkins. "Hum—it is. Enchanting."

"I love to walk by moonlight."

"It makes me quite—hum—sad—lonesome."

"Ah!" said Miss Polly, sympathizingly.

"I—hum—feel as if I hadn't a friend in the—hum—the world."

"That's strange"—Miss Polly stopped to gather a rose—"when you have so many."

"You are—hum—mistaken. Hum—I haven't one."

"I'm sure I'm your friend, Mr. Wilkins," said Miss Polly, speaking lower, and putting the rose before her face.

Mr. Wilkins immediately became bewildered in a desert of "Hums," "he—hum—hum—he wished she would—hum—ah—he wished he could—hum—believe it."

"I should think you might," rejoined Miss Polly, "when I say it. I suppose the thought of your past happiness is rather trying," she continued.

"Hum—no. I—hum—could be—hum—happier than I—hum—ever was."

"Indeed!"

"I—hum—assure you. If—if—you—hum—thought so."

"Don't!" exclaimed Miss Polly. "Remember your—think of Mrs. Wilkins—dead and gone."

Mr. Wilkins was so abashed by this outburst that he said absolutely nothing for five minutes. Miss Polly got out of patience.

"You weren't congenial," she said. "I see. Ah, that *is* trying!"

Mr. Wilkins was betrayed again, and declared he—"Hum—never knew what—hum—congeniality was till—hum—till lately. Would she—hum—hum—let him say so?"

"Don't speak to me!" exclaimed Miss Polly, sinking down on the much-enduring bench. "I'm a disgrace to myself. Oh! if those girls should hear this, what *would* they say?"

Those girls! There was such a merry shout of laughter behind her! It pealed forth upon the startled ears of Miss Polly and Mr. Wilkins, frightening them nearly into fits. When they recovered a little there were Tom and Mollie on one side, Jane and Mr. Ellis on the other, the last two looking very surprised.

In an instant Mollie's arms were round her aunt's neck, and she was crying,

"We'll say you're the dearest auntie in the world! Be good now."

"Be magnanimous," put in Tom. "You see we've all found each other out."

"And are all equally culpable," subjoined Mr. Ellis.

Miss Polly Whittlesea was a wise woman. I shouldn't have written about her if she hadn't been wise. And when she saw that Fate favored her desires she did not try to undo the doings of Fate. For reasons of her own she had determined to try her fortunes matrimonially; and when she found her nieces inclined thus also she agreed to let them go along with her for shipwreck or prosperity, remembering that if she did otherwise her example and precept would contradict each other. Oh, acute Miss Polly! Thus it happened that three weddings took place in one day.

A DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

AT break of day the noise of the city rose like the hoarse murmur of the distant sea. Artisans hurrying to their daily labor; the touting of the shopmen, as in London in the olden time; the rushing whirl of rapid wheels; the cries of itinerant dealers; and the mingled sounds that ascend from every crowd, "murdered sleep;" and rich and poor alike shook off their drowsiness. Among the earliest passengers in the streets might be seen assiduous Clients hastening to their Patron's mansion, and swarming around his half-closed gates, within which the more privileged were alone admitted. The "first admissions," as they were called, consisted of the intimate friends of the great man, who were favored with a private interview. The "second admissions" were also allowed to pass within the house, but obtained merely a collective audience. At length the gates were thrown open, and the expectant crowd rushed into the Atrium. Forth came the Patron, robed in his toga, and preceded by the first and second admissions. Slaves announced his approach. The hum of conversation subsided, and all pressed around their common Patron. The most flattering compliments, the most obsequious inquiries as to his health, were addressed to him. He was styled "lord" and "king." Accompanied by his "nomenclator," he proceeded in state through the opening ranks. With some he affected to converse confidentially; others he would even embrace; with these he shook hands; to those he simply wished "good-day;" others, again, he barely noticed by a slight inclination of the head, or heeded not at all.

Thus passed away the first two hours of the day. Precisely at eight o'clock the Patron "descended into the Forum"—such was the phrase—reclining in a litter borne on the shoulders of six or eight stout slaves, or perchance bestriding the back of an ambling mule. The "cohort" of Clients closed him in, and in this style he reached the arena of public business. The more numerous his Clients the more onerous were his duties. For one he would have to plead before the Prætor's tribunal; for another he must appear at the Columnia Mœnia to answer the petty charges alleged against him; for a third he must find bail; for a fourth he must make an arrangement with impatient creditors. Such labors occupied the morning hours of the rich, who worked the more diligently because it was only thus they could hope to acquire popularity, and attain to the highest honors of the state.

Meanwhile the tribunals were sitting, the money-changers were seated behind their counters, the shopmen displayed their wares, the citizens pursued each his respective employment, and the streets were thronged with horsemen and pedestrians, with senators and slaves, with knights and artisans. But all at once the bustle ceased as if by enchantment. It was noon, the sixth hour of the day. The glowing pavements of the streets were suddenly deserted, and all returned to their homes save only those who earned their daily bread by manual labor. The others, more fortunate, after partaking of a light repast, threw themselves on their beds or couches and snatched a brief repose.

At three in the afternoon work of every kind was given up, and recreation became the order of the day. The tide of population then set in toward the Campus Martius, where men of all ages, ranks, and professions gathered together. Here the strenuous, able-bodied youths exercised themselves in all kinds of athletic games, especially those connected with a military career. They hurled the javelin, discharged the sling—and with such skill and force as to strike an object at the distance of two hundred yards—fenced at the effigy of a man, vaulted on horseback from the right or left, broke in young colts, leaped to the ground sword or lance in hand, ran races, contended in jumping and in lifting weights, and, with their bodies rubbed all over with oil, wrestled for the first fall. These rough and hardy sports they would terminate by plunging into the yellow waters of the Tiber, the temperature of which nearly equals that of the atmosphere.

In another direction the *discobuli* were throwing the *discus* or quoit, made of iron, lead, brass, or marble. This they generally discharged by means of a leather thong, which they first waved round their head to give the quoit a greater impetus. At other times they threw it simply from the hand, after the manner of modern quoit-

players. Some, again, would prefer the *trochus*, or hoop of iron or brass, set round with rings, which they trundled rapidly along by means of a short iron staff or rod. A third set might be seen engaged in pugilistic encounters, but with their hands enveloped in loose gloves padded with wool or other soft substance. Still more numerous were those who delighted to display their address in games of ball, of which there were five varieties, all requiring quickness of eye, hand, and foot.

Each of these contending parties had its own *corona* or ring of spectators, who entered warmly into the spirit of the game, applauding the successful, ridiculing the awkward and inexpert, and backing their favorite champions to sometimes a heavy amount.

At four o'clock a brazen disc or gong announced the opening of the public baths, and soon the thronged and noisy plain became once more the abode of silence and solitude. After bathing, the Romans sat down to supper, which they sometimes prolonged to a late hour of the night. As the sun sank below the horizon, carts and wagons were permitted to circulate freely through the otherwise deserted streets, and all night long the dull crushing sound of their slowly-revolving wheels fell heavily on the ear of the sleepless watcher.

UNLOOKED FOR.

The brown front of the house where I lived was not "brown stone," although it might have been, for stones were plenty as bones in a shad all over the bit of garden behind it. But, however, the house had a brown front all the same, and a round window with diamond-shaped panes in a little alcove at the south corner, where my rocking-chair, my work-table, and my writing-desk always stood; and where, my house being small and soon kept, I spent many hours every day.

I had had my experiences and troubles in life, but they were past; and I had come into a quiet place at last, where, living alone with my flowers and my books, I could look out upon the tumults and struggles of other people as one in a lighthouse looks out upon the surging and unrest of the waters below.

Opposite my window was a great, old-fashioned house with large chimneys, and with points and gables all over it, and a deep, green yard in front shaded by horse-chestnuts. Beyond the house one saw the river with its boats, then the houses of a village on the opposite shore, and a high stone monument showing against the sky on a hill behind. A peaceful picture but full of unrest. The still, white monument memorized the clangor and shouting of a battle; the placid water flowed over the wreck of many storms, and the quiet house was alive with the passions and yearnings of human hearts.

In this house, which came from dead generations to them, lived two spinster sisters, Miss Louisa and Miss Amy Saben; but though they were the only sisters of their family they were by no means the last of their race. They had brothers at California, brothers at India, brothers at the Sandwich Islands, and brothers ready to turn up every where. And all the brothers had daughters, who were forever being sent to their aunts here in Landfordshire for one reason or another. Because the climate was unhealthy, or they were delicate, or wild, or in the way. So there was much coming and going and stir of young life as though the Misses Saben had kept a girls' boarding-school.

And because their house was full in every corner, if any body wished to be sad or quiet they came across the way to me; so I always had a rocking-chair standing by, a pillow on the sofa, and was myself ready for talk or for silence.

One morning, quite in the heart of July, I had finished all my house-work in the cool of the day, and sat by the window when the Toppleton stage creaked up to the Misses Sabens' door and a young man jumped out. Now a young man was a very unusual sight, for, although nieces coming in stages were plenty as dandelions, there was never a nephew among them all. So I looked out with a little surprise, and saw Miss Louisa herself coming to the door to receive him, which was another unusual thing—Miss Louisa being very much given to state and ceremony in her way.

A portmanteau or two was handed down, then the stage jolted and floundered off, creaking and wheezing as though it had asthma; and presently I saw the young man sitting by the open parlor window looking over photograph albums with the appearance of amusing himself. And then I fell to reading "Brownlows," and forgot entirely the house over the way, until Adaline Saben, the youngest and most talkative of all the nieces, and whose father lived in China, ran in looking like an animated apple-blossom in her white gown and pink ribbons with her white face and pink cheeks.

"Oh, Mrs. Chaney!" she began, "we are having such a funny time at our house! Last week Aunt Louisa had a letter from a gentleman, the son of a very old friend of hers, *so* nice, and *dreadfully* rich, asking permission to visit her 'niece, Miss Saben;' but without saying which niece; and now he has come before she had time to reply. We had all seen him excepting Bessy and me; he was here once with his mother, just before we came; and we can't guess which he has come to see. Aunt Louisa doesn't like to ask right out, you know; and so there it is. We keep going into the parlor one after another, and aunty introduces us as 'My niece, Miss Saben;' or if she isn't there, one of the girls says: 'My cousin, Miss Saben;' and he looks bewildered every time, but doesn't light up at all as though the right one had appeared. Dear me! It is *such* fun!"

And with that little Adaline floated away like a bit of thistle-down, disappearing a moment after within the house over the way.

But before tea-time Clementine, one of the Sandwich Island cousins and rather my favorite of them all, came in. Clementine was out of health, and always out of breath; so she sank at once upon the sofa, and did not speak for a while. By-and-by, without waiting to breathe quite easily, she gasped: "*I* think it is *Pauline*. He talks most to Diana, but he keeps *looking* at *Pauline!*"

Then Clementine laughed, lying and shaking all over on the sofa, at some recollection. "Each of us hopes it is she the Prince has come to marry," she continued. "Each but me: of course I am bright enough to know that no Prince in his senses would look a second time at a medicine-chest; but all the others, even down to little Adaline, are so full of hope for themselves, and so jealous of the rest, that it is good as a poor play for me to lie on the sofa and watch them. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Chaney, though Mr. Vincent is so rich and so nice, I fancy he is a little *soft*. You may imagine it is because the season is backward for grapes that makes me think so; but I don't believe it is altogether that: I believe he really is a little 'under,' as Nurse Styles used to say. Perhaps no more so than the only son of such a ridiculously rich man would naturally be. But, any way, there he sits and quotes poetry and pays compliments; and when he praises Margarethe's beautiful curls, Diana looks as though she would like to fly at them with a pair of shears. And when he speaks of Diana's beautiful eyes, Bessy says: 'Then you don't defect she is near-sighted?' Pauline is the only one he hasn't complimented; he has even spoken of *my* color being so good for an invalid; but he has done nothing for Pauline, only to look at her."

At this moment Miss Saben's tea-bell rang, and Clementine went away.

But before bedtime, as I sat knitting in the moonlight, Miss Amy ran in with an Indian scarf over her head, and a good deal of excitement in her manner. Miss Amy was a nervous soul, to whom the sun was always just going into eclipse; and to-night she was particularly desponding.

"I don't see what sister Louisa can be thinking of," said she, nearly ready to cry, "to let the girls get so crazy about that young man. There is Bessy just as excited as she can *possibly* be—I can see it in her eyes; she won't *sleep* to-night; and then she will be ill!"

To Miss Amy's mind *sleeping* was the safest occupation for every body, and not to "sleep" was the climax of misfortune.

"That young Mr. Vincent is turning their heads with his pretty speeches and superb diamonds. They are fairly bewitched, and I would not have such an experience come into their lives for *any thing in the world*," continued Miss Amy, who when people *couldn't* be asleep wished them to be quietly sewing or reading something not too heavy, as the next safer employment.

"And, besides, sister Louisa expects so much to be done for a guest, and Catharine, our second girl, is ill in bed; so every thing comes upon Rachel, and she will feel it is pretty hard. I suppose sister will insist on one of her great dinners to-morrow, and I don't see how Rachel can *possibly* get through with what she has to do in the kitchen, and be in time to dress and wait at the table. Every thing always happens so untimely, and this is all *so* unfortunate from beginning to end."

Then Miss Amy sighed as though she was trying to start a wind-mill, and went home.

All the next day I saw through the opposite windows and in the green yard the bright, pretty figures of the Saben girls flying about like lady-birds, and among them Mr. Vincent himself, in his light summer clothes; but evidently they were all on watch or too much engrossed with their visitor, so none of them came in as usual until nightfall again.

Then, it was Miss Louisa herself, prim and proper; yet full of warmth and humor if one could get below the ladylike formal surface.

"So ridiculous!" she began, stirred quite out of her usual dignified manner. "And yet, I might have known Sophia Vincent's son would have an odd streak somewhere. Now what do you think, Mrs. Chaney, but when my handsome nieces had done all in their power to entertain him, he should seem still unsatisfied and disappointed, though he said nothing. Neither did I. I always think it is better to let every thing work itself out without any meddling, and it always will if one gives it time, and will do it much better too for being let alone. So I kept quiet and watched, and if you will believe, at tea to-night, when Catharine was well enough to wait on the table for the first time, he looked at her as she came in, and with a little start dropped his napkin and went pink as a girl. It flashed upon me in a twinkling; and then I remembered when Eugene Vincent was here before, Catharine was not strong from a sprained ankle, and was sewing that week—she sews beautifully. Well, Catharine's name happens to be *Sabin*, very nearly like ours, only an *i* instead of an *e*; and I suppose she was in the drawing-room, and somebody introduced her by her name simply, so very naturally Eugene was left with the impression she was one of us. Catharine is really a very nice girl indeed. She belonged to a very good family, but her father died poor after a long illness and left her quite destitute and alone. She is plenty well enough for Eugene if the Vincents only think so, and of course I am not responsible. I have done nothing about it either way, and the family can not blame me whether they are pleased or not. But they will be satisfied, for they are people of great good sense."

Then Miss Louisa went home, and, the gas being lighted behind them, I saw Mr. Eugene Vincent and Miss Catharine Sabin sitting together at the opposite window, while through the open windows of the dining-room I saw the Misses Saben washing the tea-cups and laughing after the silly fashion of young girls over their wasted airs and graces.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

"Tink"—how that blacksmith's hammered
  Stroke upon stroke for hours,
In the grass while I've been dozing
  Among the April flowers!
What is the use of toiling,
  Beating at iron bars?
Isn't it better lying
  Watching the daisy stars?

I'm idle as twenty sultans,
  Couched in the grass so green;
I wonder what those creatures
  In black and orange mean,
Climbing with toilsome patience
  To the top of a stalk and stem,
Once high above the meadow,
  To just walk down again?

Yet just as I'm growing drowsy
  A blustering, bullying bee,
In his black and yellow velvet,
  Comes with a rush at me,
Wondering why I'm idle
  When all the world's astir;
And ere he's past on the holly,
  Or the topmost shoot of that fir,

That grasshopper's vaulted past me
  Five times since I turned to look
How yonder flashing swallows
  Glance down the bend of the brook.
Oh, I alone am idle
  In this never-resting world:
No! there, for one brief moment,
  That butterfly's wings are furled;

But now again it's poising
  O'er the golden sun outspread
Of a dandelion, glorious
  In the light that it seems to shed;
And here, in a long procession,
  Come a train of ants at work;
Contemptuous, they pass me—
  I, a mere sleepy Turk.

Yes! every thing is toiling,
  Moving from class to class;
Even the little mushroom
  Is pressing through the grass;
And I alone am idle,
  Watched by the pitying sun—
I, I alone am shirking
  The work that must be done.

The restless age is crying
  To me to come and toil,
If I want my part of the treasure,
  My share in the wine and oil.
These creatures are my warnings,
  Their prophecies are plain;
I'll up and away to Babel
  By the fast 5.40 train.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Good News from the Arctic Regions—Hall's well.

What comes after cheese?—Mice.

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head;
"Go it by all means, go it fast;
Go while leather and horseshoes last:
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—
Go it as rapid as ever you can,
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find some day
That keeping an eye to the windward will pay.
A horse may run a little too long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write and regret it in after-times.
Keep the end of the effort in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest at work or feast
Are the very ones who blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones who carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go, go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that!

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf.
The next to the highest will gen'rally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course, but always stop
And take breath a little this side of the top;
And so you will reach it in wind and strong
Without slopping over. Thus ends my song!"

A Missourian informed a traveler who inquired about his corn that each stalk had nine ears on it, and was fifteen feet high.

"That's nothing to our corn," replied the traveler. "Up in Illinois, where I came from, we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel, but we could never raise any field beans with it."

"Why?"

"Because the corn grew so fast that it always pulled the beans up."

Arguing with a Woman.—"You must admit, Doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes," "you must admit that woman was created before man!"

"Well, really, Madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case."

"That can be easily done, Sir. Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

What trade is more than full?—Fuller.

To Benedicks.—A married man should never buy his cigars on credit, for by so doing he becomes a weed-ower.

Butler's himself again!

YOUNG AMERICAN WONDERS.

I wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding his master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the schoolmistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was!

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke!

Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie!

A BACHELOR'S DEFENSE.

Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters?—The bachelor.

Who is invited to tea and evening parties; and told to drop in just when it is convenient?—The bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him?—The bachelor.

Who goes to bed early because time drags heavily with him?—The married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning?—The married man.

Who has wood to split and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after?—The married man.

Who is taken up for whipping his wife?—The married man.

Who gets divorces?—The married man.

Democratic Majority.

A brow-beating lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied:

"In company with two friends."

"Friends!" exclaimed the lawyer; "two thieves, I suppose, you mean!"

"They may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both lawyers."

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus:

"Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."

"I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off."

"No he hasn't, either, any more than I have."

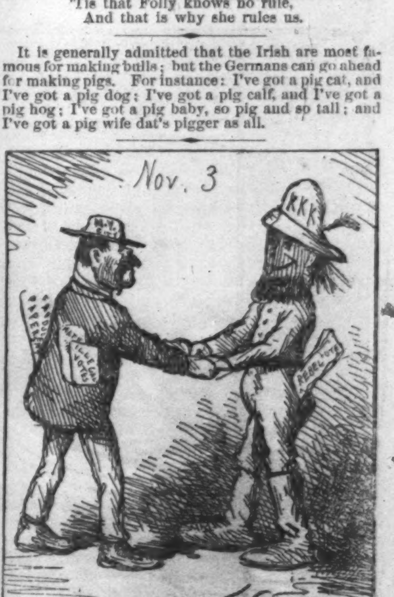
"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek."

That's how she knew.

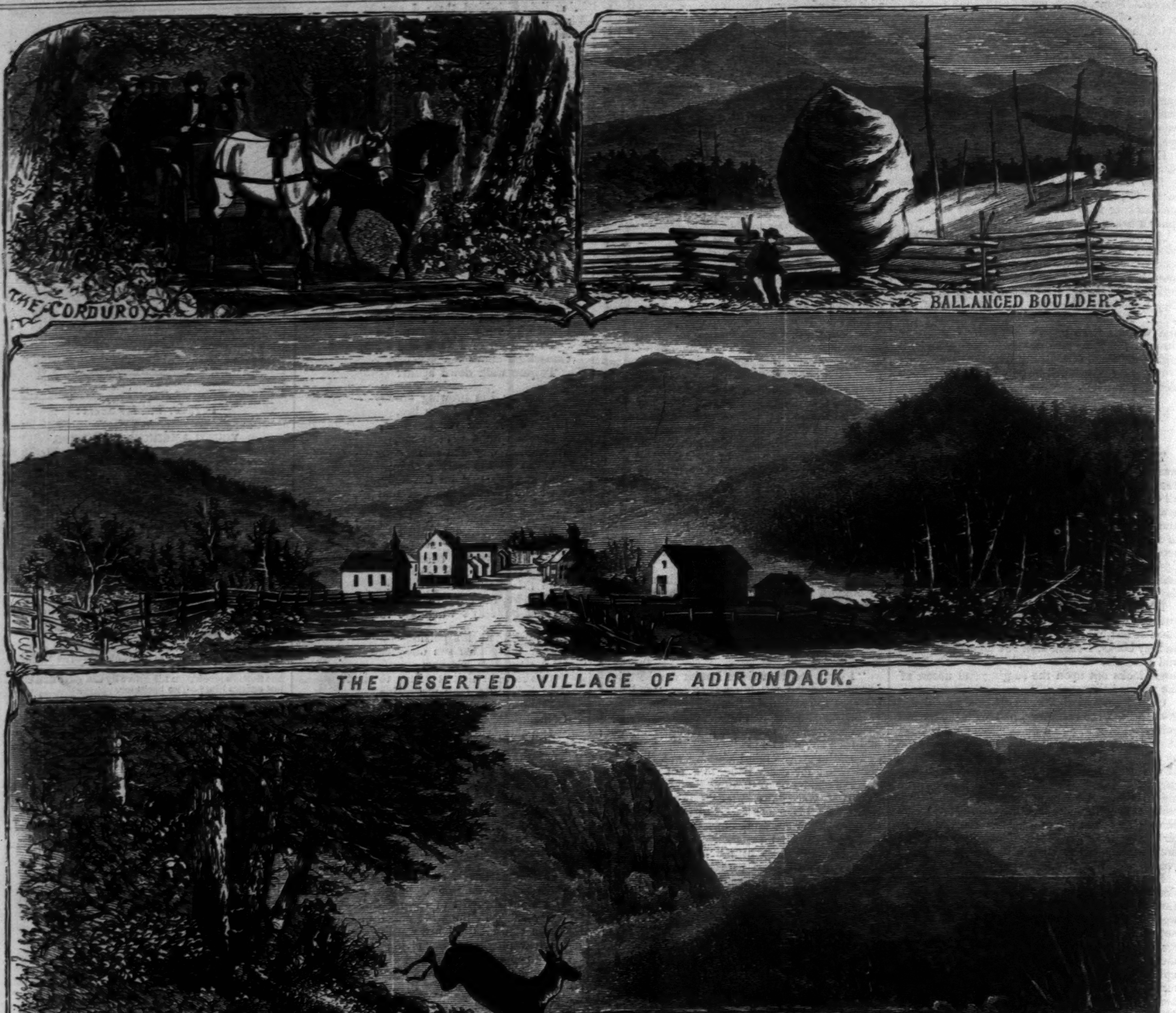
THE POWER OF FOLLY.

Would you know the reason why
  Folly often fools us?
'Tis that Folly knows no rule,
  And that is why she rules us.

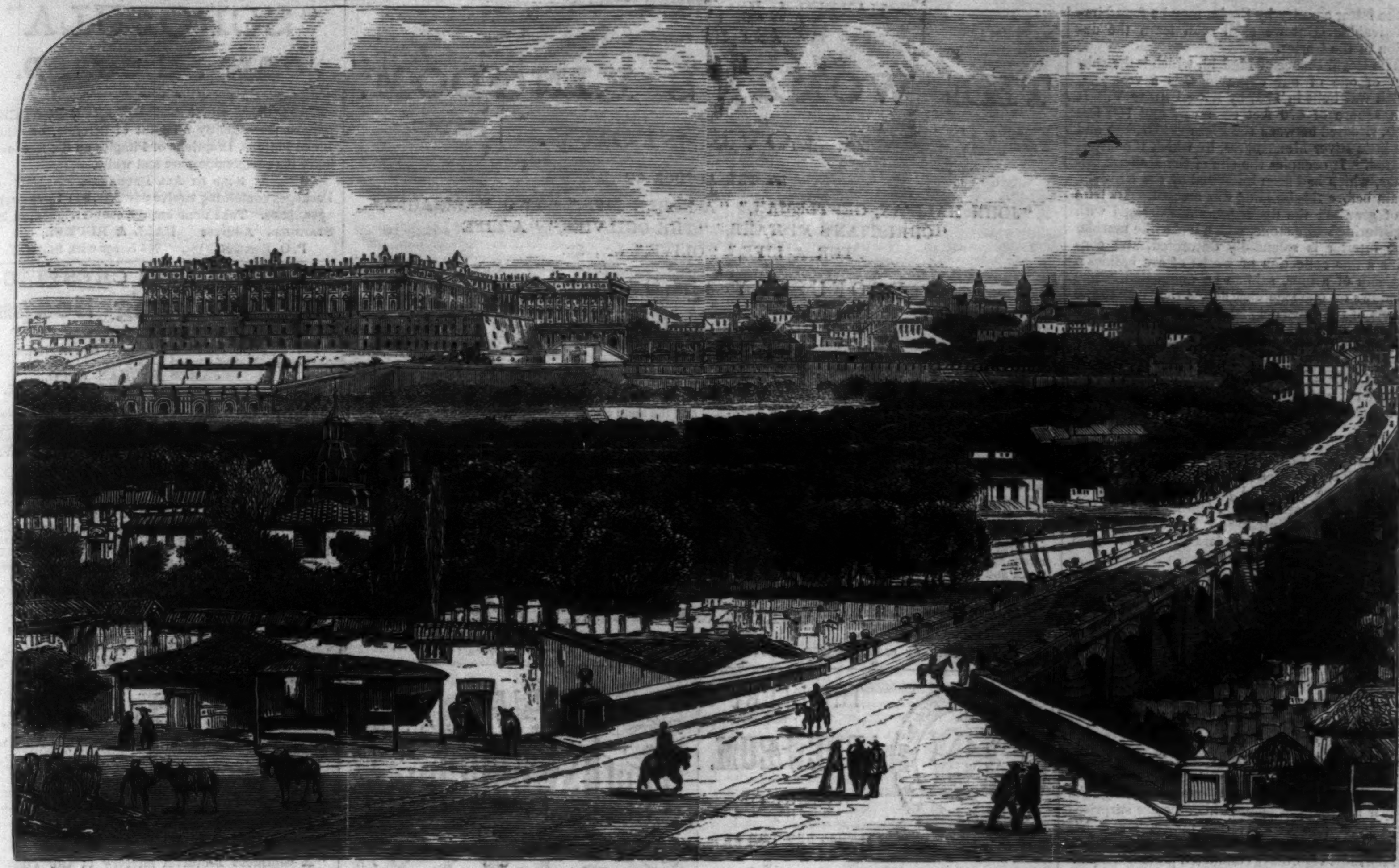
It is generally admitted that the Irish are most famous for making bulls; but the Germans can go ahead for making pigs. For instance: I've got a pig cat, and I've got a pig dog; I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog; I've got a pig baby, so pig and so tall; and I've got a pig wife dat's pigger as all.



The Reign of Fraud and the Reign of Terror.



SKETCHES IN THE ADIRONDACK REGION.—BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

The late Spanish revolution promises to accomplish for Spain what the revolution of 1688 accomplished for England. It bears scarcely any resemblance to the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848. Therefore it is not surprising that French Republicans are dissatisfied with the present aspect of Spanish affairs, and distrustful as to the future. Thus, Emile de Girardin finds fault with General Prim for not imposing a republic upon Spain, and denounces the idea of a constitutional monarchy. But Prim very properly replies that the majority of Spaniards favor a monarchy; that the Bourbons were overthrown not because they were monarchs, but because they were arbitrary, and constantly violated the fundamental laws; and that the scheme of the revolution extended no farther than to the establishment of a Power, liberal, monarchical, and constitutional.

The real difficulty which offers is the choice of a sovereign. Even the selection of the King of Portugal, involving, as it must, the absorption

EARTHQUAKE IN PERU—SUBMERSION OF ARICA.—[See First Page.]

of the latter country by Spain, may be found impracticable. But we shall soon learn the decision of the Cortes.

The Royal Palace of Madrid, which is the subject of one of our engravings, is a vast pile, which was built in 1737 by King PHILIP V. It is a square of 470 feet each way and 100 feet high, situated between the Plaza del Oriente and the little River Manzanares, by which the city is skirted. It occupies the site of the Moorish Alcazar, which had been inhabited by the Kings of Spain before this building was erected. Its base is of granite; the upper parts are dressed with a glittering white stone, which looks like marble. The interior is splendidly decorated, and contains a fine collection of works of art, besides a museum of armor, said to be unequaled. The windows on one side look across the river to the woods of the Cas' del Campo, and the plains beyond, as far as the Guadarama Mountains. It is said that Queen ISABELLA escaped with an enormous booty, estimated at over fifteen millions of dollars. The Spaniards, however, would consider it a "good riddance" though purchased at ten times that cost.

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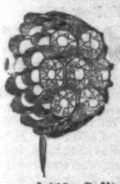

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